



No.91

BOY COMMANDOS



The BATMAN

Detective COMICS

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

TEN
CENTS

SEPT.



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*Because the War Production Board has ordered a reduction in the use of paper, MORE FUN and ADVENTURE will be published bi-monthly; ALL-FLASH, ALL-STAR COMICS, WONDER WOMAN and MUTT & JEFF will become quarterlies; ALL-AMERICAN will be published only eight times a year, and PICTURE STORIES FROM THE BIBLE only twice a year until further notice.

FOR SPINE-TINGLING ACTION...



OR RIB-TICKLING HUMOR...



LOOK FOR THIS SUPERMAN D-C SYMBOL !

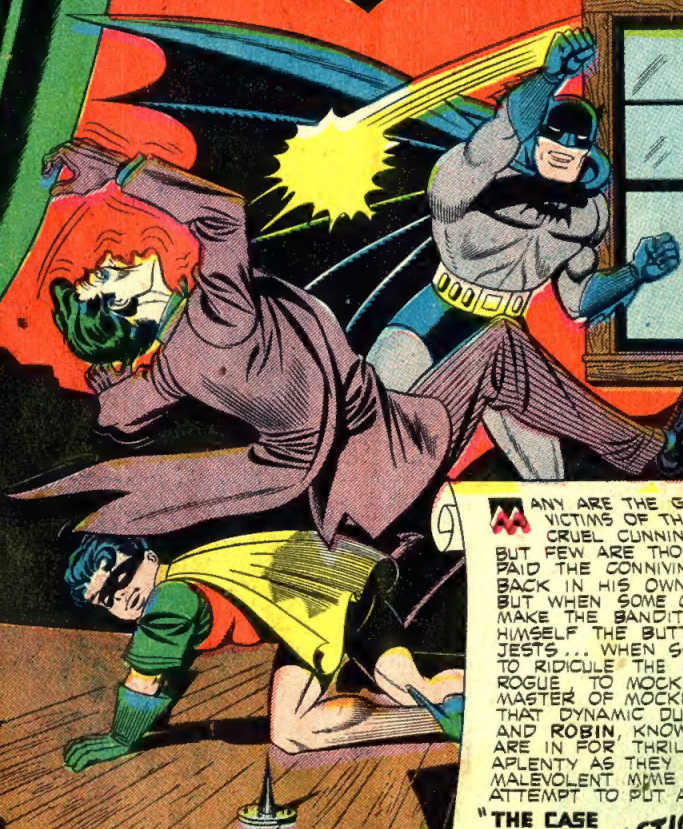


Yes, that Superman D-C Symbol appears on the cover of twenty-one of the very best comics published...ranging all the way from the action-packed adventures of Superman, Batman and other thrilling heroes to the laugh-loaded humor of Mutt and Jeff, The Three Mouseketeers, Dover and Clover and other ha-ha heroes. Whichever you prefer, you'll find your favorites in the comic magazines with the Superman D-C Symbol on the cover. Look for it!



BAT MAN

WITH
ROBIN
- THE BOY WONDER -



MANY ARE THE GUILTESS VICTIMS OF THE JOKER'S CRUEL CUNNING HUMOR... BUT FEW ARE THOSE WHO HAVE PAID THE CONNING COMEDIAN BACK IN HIS OWN CRAFTY COIN! BUT WHEN SOME ONE DARES TO MAKE THE BANDIT BUFFOON HIMSELF THE BUTT OF PAINFUL JESTS... WHEN SOME ONE DARES TO RIDICULE THE CLOWNING ROGUE TO MOCK THE MENACING MASTER OF MOCKERY... THEN THAT DYNAMIC DUO, BATMAN AND ROBIN, KNOW THAT THEY ARE IN FOR THRILLS AND CHILLS APLENTY AS THEY PURSUE THE MALEVOLENT MYME IN THEIR ATTEMPT TO PUT AN END TO...

"THE CASE
OF THE **PRACTICAL** JOKER"

FROM BEHIND STEEL BARS COMES
MOCKING, SPINE-CHILLING LAUGHTER...

THE SOUND OF MIRTHLESS
GAITY ECHOES DOWN
THE GRIM CORRIDORS...

BUT TIME BRINGS THE HARLEQUIN
OF HATE NO CAUSE FOR
AMUSEMENT?... **THAT NIGHT...**

THE WAY THE
JOKER LAUGHS
GIVES ME THE
CREEPS! WONDER
WHAT HE'S GOT
UP HIS SLEEVE
NEXT!

**HA HA
HA HA
HA HA
HA HA**

YOU'VE GOT
NOTHING TO
LAUGH AT,
JOKER! YOU'RE
GOING TO SPEND
THE REST OF
YOUR LIFE
IN JAIL!

HA, HA!
TIME
WILL
TELL!
HA!
HA!

YEEEEOW

QUIET,
THERE!
WHAT'S
GOING ON,
JOKER?

AND AT BREAKFAST...

SOMEBODY
PUT VINEGAR
IN MY
COFFEE!

IT'S SURE
TURNED YOU
INTO A
SOURPUSS,
JOKER! HA, HA!

SOMEBODY
PUT THAT IN
MY BED!

LOOKS LIKE THE
KIND OF PRACTICAL
JOKES YOU PLAY
YOURSELF, JOKER!
BUT THIS TIME
THE JOKES' ON
YOU! HA, HA!

ALL THROUGH
THE
DAY,
THE MASTER
OF
MOCKERY
FINDS
HIMSELF
THE
VICTIM
OF
ONE
CRUEL
JEST
AFTER
ANOTHER!

AND NEXT MORNING, AT THE HOME OF
SOCIALITE BRUCE WAYNE AND
HIS YOUNG WARD, DICK GRAYSON...

HA, HA! THE
JOKER HAS
FOUND HIS
MATCH AT
LAST!

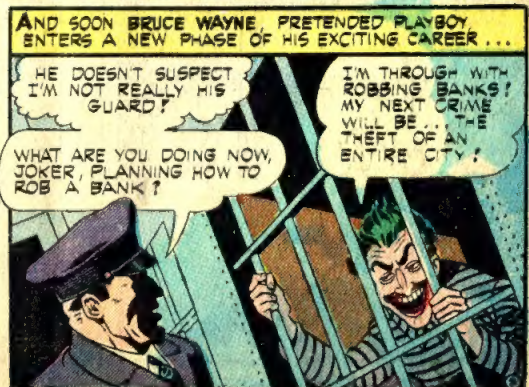
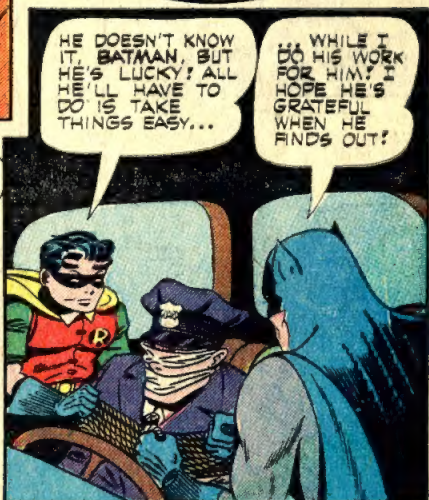
DURING
THE
REST
PERIOD...

SOMEBODY PULLED
THAT CHAIR AWAY
FROM UNDER ME!
WHEN I FIND OUT
WHO IT IS, I'LL KILL
HIM! I'LL KILL HIM!

JOKER, YOU'RE A
RIOT!
FUNNIER
THAN
EVER!

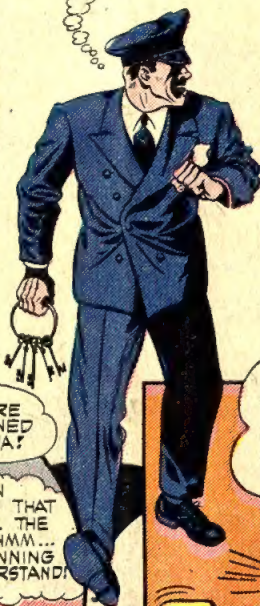
**HA
HA!**

GOTHAM DAILY
JOKER HIMSELF VICTIM
OF PRACTICAL JOKES
...
JOKER HIMSELF VICTIM
OF PRACTICAL JOKES
...
JOKER HIMSELF VICTIM
OF PRACTICAL JOKES
...

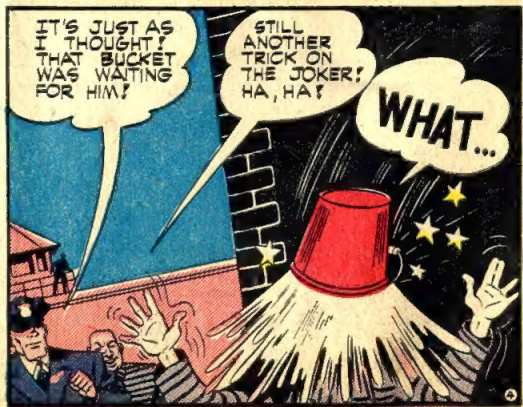




THE JOKER IS TALKING IN RIDDLES TODAY! BUT THERE MUST BE SOMETHING BEHIND HIS WORDS! NERO FIDDLER... HMM...



HAS THE BATMAN SOLVED THE MYSTERY SO SOON? CAN YOU GUESS WHO THE MYSTERIOUS PRANKSTER IS?



SUDDENLY, WHILE EVERYONE LAUGHS AT THE PLIGHT OF THE KILLER-CLOWN... MENACING MISSILES COME HURTLING FROM OUTSIDE THE PRISON WALL!

LAUGH, FOOLS, LAUGH! SOON IT WILL BE MY TURN!

THE JOKER DELIBERATELY WALKED UNDER THAT BUCKET! I'LL HAVE TO BE ON THE ALERT!

HA HA HA



BITING, CHOKING TEAR-GAS FILLS THE PRISON YARD! LAUGHTER GIVES WAY TO UNWILLING WEEPING!

HA, HA! THE LIQUID IN THAT BUCKET CONTAINED A CHEMICAL THAT NEUTRALIZES TEAR-GAS! I'M THE ONLY ONE HERE NOW WHO ISN'T CRYING!

THIS HANDKERCHIEF ISN'T AS EFFECTIVE AS THE JOKER'S, BUT IT WILL PROTECT MY EYES UNTIL I CAN GET OUT OF THE YARD!



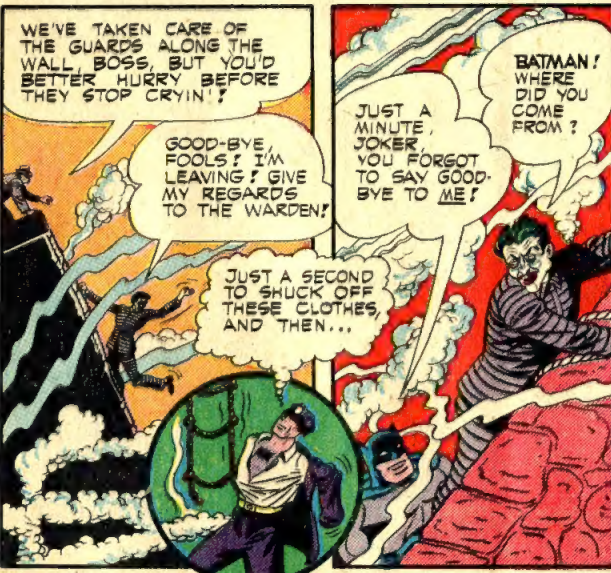
WE'VE TAKEN CARE OF THE GUARDS ALONG THE WALL, BOSS, BUT YOU'D BETTER HURRY BEFORE THEY STOP CRYIN'!

GOOD-BYE, FOOLS! I'M LEAVING! GIVE MY REGARDS TO THE WARDEN!

JUST A MINUTE, JOKER, YOU FORGOT TO SAY GOOD-BYE TO ME!

BATMAN! WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?

JUST A SECOND TO SHUCK OFF THESE CLOTHES, AND THEN...



MAYBE THAT GAS COULDN'T DO IT, BUT THIS PUNCH WILL BRING TEARS TO YOUR EYES!

UGH!... YOU MEDDLING FOOL...

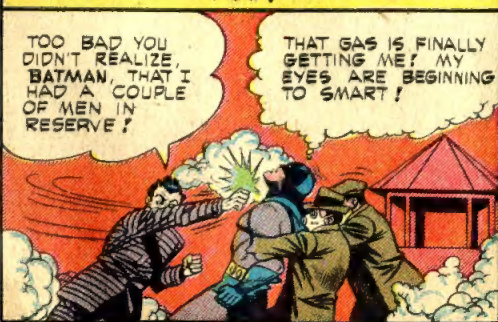


AS THE BATMAN STUMBLES BLINDLY...

SPRINGING FROM BEHIND THE MANTLED NEMESIS OF CRIME, TWO NEWCOMERS SUDDENLY JOIN THE FRAY!

TOO BAD YOU DIDN'T REALIZE, BATMAN, THAT I HAD A COUPLE OF MEN IN RESERVE!

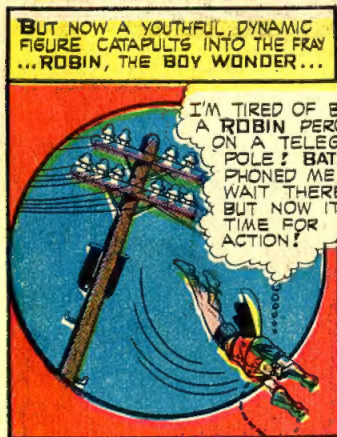
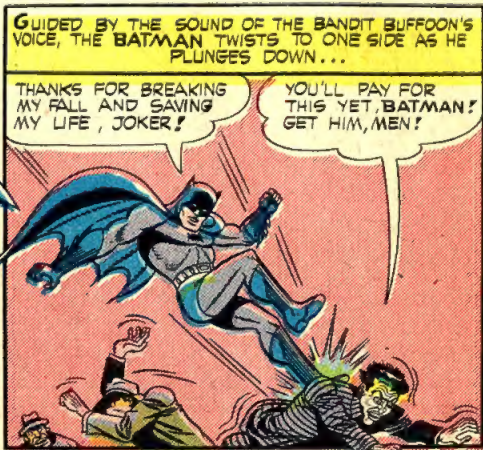
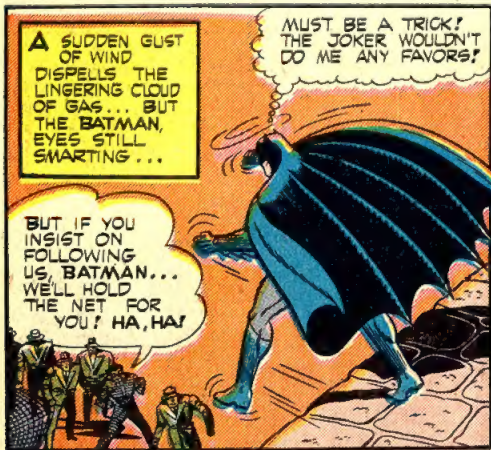
THAT GAS IS FINALLY GETTING ME! MY EYES ARE BEGINNING TO SMART!



GOOD-BYE, MEDDLER! IF I HAD THE TIME, I'D STAY TO FINISH YOU OFF!

I CAN'T SEE WHERE I'M GOING!





BUT UNEXPECTEDLY, FROM THE PRISON WALLS COMES THE RATTLE OF MACHINE-GUN FIRE!

THE GUARDS MUST HAVE GOT OVER THE EFFECTS OF THE TEAR-GAS, BOSS?

BUT THEY CAN'T SEE WELL YET, AND THEY DON'T REALIZE THEY'RE SHOOTIN' AT THE BATMAN, TOO! HA, HA!

AWHH



AS THE GUARDS FIRE WILDLY, THE CRIME CLOWN AND HIS MOB MAKE THEIR ESCAPE! BUT THE BATMAN...

MY LEG! UGH... JUST AS I WAS GOING TO LAND THE JOKER!

HEY, STOP SHOOTIN'! DON'T YOU SEE IT'S THE BATMAN!



SECONDS LATER, AS ROBIN FINALLY RELEASES HIMSELF FROM THE ENTANGLING MESHES OF THE NET...

BATMAN! YOU'RE NOT HURT BADLY...

JUST A FLESH WOUND, ROBIN! I'LL BE ALL RIGHT!

WE'RE SORRY WE SHOT AT YOU, BATMAN! BUT OUR EYES WERE STILL SMARTING FROM THAT TEAR GAS!



AS THE GUARDS DEPART...

WELL, BATMAN, THE JOKER TOOK THE WINNING TRICKS THAT TIME! EVEN THOUGH YOU GUESSED HE WAS PLAYING THOSE PRACTICAL JOKES ON HIMSELF!

YES, ROBIN, HE WAS JUST SETTING THE STAGE FOR THAT ESCAPE! ONCE OR TWICE HE USED A CONFEDERATE, BUT MOST OF THE TIME HE WAS BOTH JESTER AND VICTIM!



BUT I THINK WE'LL RUN INTO HIM AGAIN SOON! HE BOASTED HE WAS GOING TO STEAL A WHOLE CITY... HM... FIRST I'LL RELEASE THAT GUARD WHOSE PLACE I TOOK...



SEVERAL DAYS LATER...

THE JOKER MUST BE CRAZY! HE'S PRACTICALLY SURRENDERING TO THE POLICE!

GOTHAM SQUARE IS A BIG PLACE! ROBIN! HE'S COUNTING ON THAT!

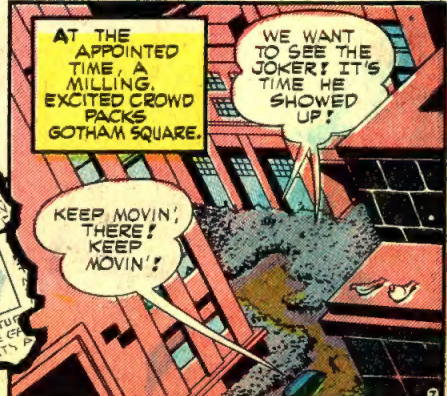
DONT MISS
THE FUNNIEST STUNT OF ALL TIME!
AT 8 P.M. TUESDAY THE JOKER WILL SUP ON A BANANA SQUARE! SEE THE MASTER MUMMER VICTIMIZED AS HE HAS VICTIMIZED OTHERS!



AT THE APPPOINTED TIME, A MILLING, EXCITED CROWD PACKS GOTHAM SQUARE.

WE WANT TO SEE THE JOKER! IT'S TIME HE SHOWED UP!

KEEP MOVIN' THERE! KEEP MOVIN'!





AS DEEP BELLS CHIME THE HOUR OF EIGHT...

HERE I AM, BOYS! I ALWAYS KEEP MY PROMISES!

WE'VE GOT HIM SURROUNDED! HE CAN'T ESCAPE THIS TIME!



OOPS! THE JOKE'S ON ME! I SLIPPED!

HERE'S WHERE YOU SLIP BACK TO JAIL!

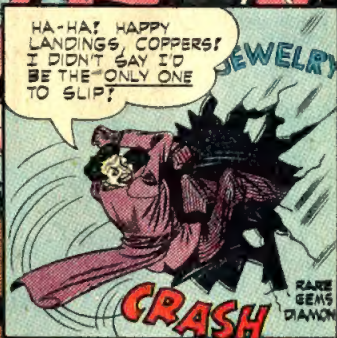
JEWELRY



SUDDENLY, FROM THE WINDOWS OF A NEARBY BUILDING, COMES A SHOWER OF BANANA PEELS, CAST BY THE JOKER'S THUGS!



HA-HA! HAPPY LANDINGS, COPPERS! I DIDN'T SAY I'D BE THE ONLY ONE TO SLIP!



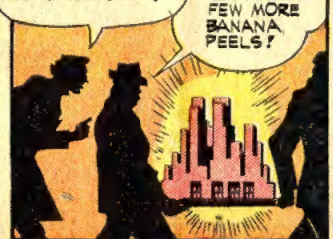
HERE'S THE TREASURE I CAME FOR! A MODEL OF GOTHAM CITY... MADE OF PRECIOUS STONES, AND DONE WITH SKILL THAT CAN'T BE MATCHED! IT'S WORTH A MILLION!



AS THE EVIL HARLEQUIN'S HENCHMEN DESCEND FROM THE UPPER STORIES OF THE BUILDING...

CARRY IT INTO THE ELEVATOR, AND WE'LL TAKE IT UP TO THE ROOF! QUICK, BEFORE THOSE COPS RECOVER!

SURE, BOSS! AND IF THOSE COPS TRY TO BOTHER US, WE'LL LET 'EM HAVE A FEW MORE BANANA PEELS!

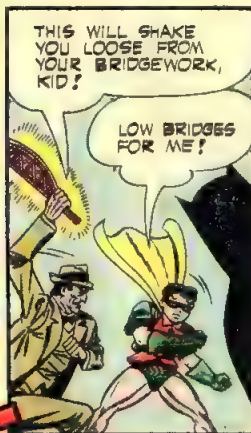
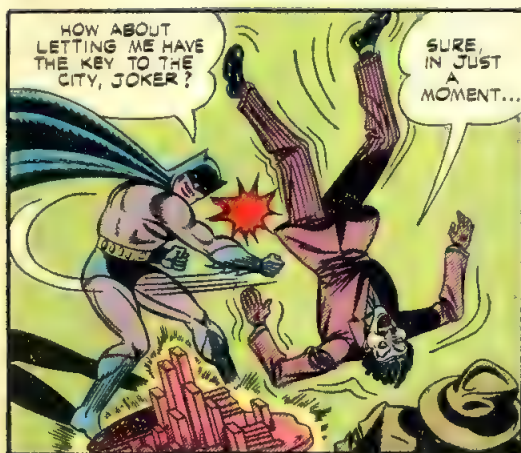


SUDDENLY... FROM THE DOOR TO THE CELLAR...

I FIGURED THIS MIGHT BE WHAT THE JOKER MEANT WHEN HE SAID HE'D STEAL A CITY!

THAT PAIR BUTTING IN AGAIN!





BEFORE THE DYNAMIC DUO CAN RECOVER, THE EVIL KING OF COMEDIANS IS ON HIS WAY TO SAFETY...

CURSE YOU, BATMAN! YOU SPOILED MY PLANS! I'LL PAY YOU BACK FOR THAT!

COME ON, ROBIN! WE'VE GOT A LONG CLIMB AHEAD OF US!

BATMAN AND ROBIN WILL TAKE CARE OF HIM! WE'D BETTER RETURN TO THE STREET! THOSE BANANA PEELS CAUSED A RIOT!



BUT THE CUNNING CRIME CLOWN STILL HAS A TRICK UP HIS SINISTER SLEEVE...



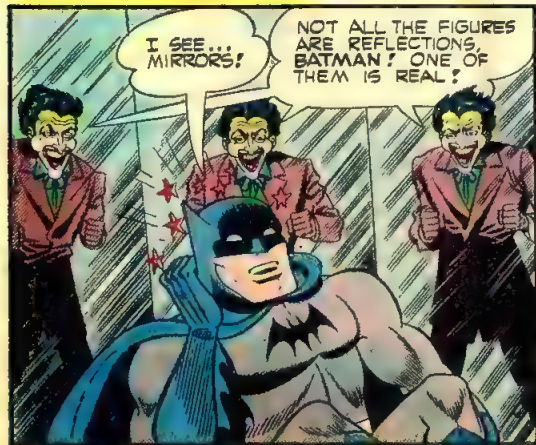
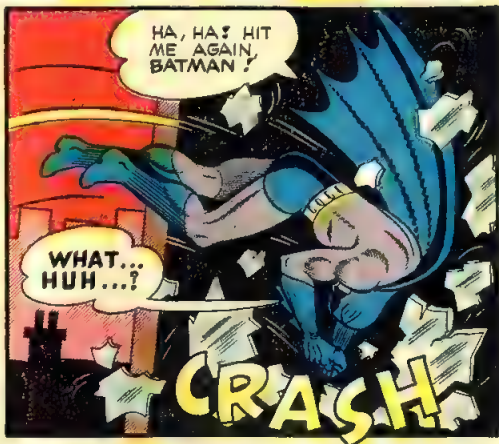
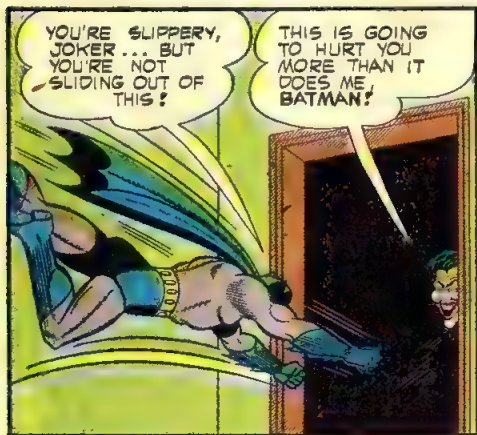
AS TWO MANTLED SHAPES EMERGE ON THE ROOFTOP...



ON A NEARBY ROOFTOP, AN OPEN DOORWAY BECKONS! AS BATMAN MOVES FORWARD CAUTIOUSLY...



SUDDENLY, THE MASTER CRIME-FIGHTER SEES THE LEERING FACE OF THE HARLEQUIN HATE!



THE BOUND FIGURE OF THE EVIL JESTER'S ARCH-FOE IS CARRIED TO THE ROOF ONCE MORE...

SO YOU'RE GOING IN FOR PEASHOOTING NOW, JOKER?

YES, BATMAN! MIXED IN WITH THESE PEAS IS A POISONED DART... YOU DON'T KNOW WHEN IT'S COMING, BUT WHEN IT DOES... JUST A TOUCH, AND IT'S CURTAINS FOR YOU!

MEANWHILE, UNSUCCESSFUL IN PICKING UP THE JOKER'S TRAIL, THE BOY WONDER RETRACES HIS STEPS... AND HEARS A TAUNTING LAUGH...

BULLS-EYE AGAIN! SOON I'LL BE SHOOTING THAT POISON DART, BATMAN! HA, HA!

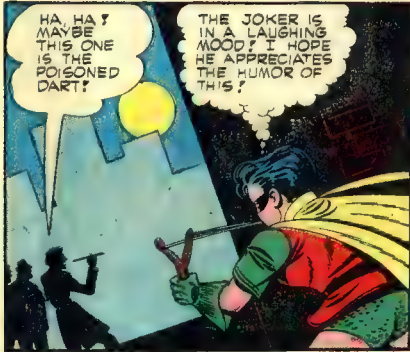
GOLLY! BATMAN CAPTURED-- IN DANGER! GOT TO DO SOMETHING, BUT THERE ARE TOO MANY OF THEM!... AH, HERE'S SOMETHING THAT OUGHT TO BE USEFUL!

THE WIND MUST HAVE BLOWN IT HERE... NOW, WITH THIS HEAVY RUBBER BAND I PICKED UP TO TURN IN FOR SALVAGE, AND SOME STONES FROM THE ROOF...



HA, HA! MAYBE THIS ONE IS THE POISONED DART!

THE JOKER IS IN A LAUGHING MOOD! I HOPE HE APPRECIATES THE HUMOR OF THIS!



IT MUST BE A COP! HE'S SHOOTIN' AT US WITH A SILENCED GUN!

THIS PROVES THAT THE SLINGSHOT IS MIGHTIER THAN THE PEASHOOTER!



NOW TO DISGUISE MY VOICE...

BETTER SURRENDER, JOKER! I'VE GOT YOU COVERED!



OW!... I'M WOUNDED... I'M KILLED...

BETTER GET OUT OF HERE, BOSS, BEFORE THAT SHARP-SHOOTER PICKS US ALL OFF!

YOU'RE LUCKY THIS TIME, BATMAN, BUT YOU WON'T ESCAPE SO EASILY AGAIN!



AS THE BAFFLED BUFFOON MAKES A HASTY RETREAT...

SO IT WAS YOU, ROBIN! DON'T TELL ME YOU USED A GUN!

IT WAS ONLY A SLINGSHOT, BATMAN! BUT THE JOKER DIDN'T SEE ME AND IT WAS GOOD ENOUGH TO BLUFF HIM!





A FEW DAYS LATER... THE MIRTHFUL MENACE SHOWS HIS SINISTER HAND ONCE MORE...

A FURIOUS POLICE COMMISSIONER SCANS THE JOKER'S IMPUDENT LETTER...

THAT NIGHT AS THE POLICE WAIT IMPATIENTLY...

Dear Commissioner Gordon:
Tonight you will see the Joker become the victim of a whole series of practical jokes in Gotham Square! I will not play any jokes on the police this time! I'll be counting on you to be there!
The Joker

THIS TIME THE JOKER HAS GONE TOO FAR! THE MOMENT HE SETS FOOT IN GOTHAM SQUARE, WE'LL NAB HIM!

EVERY POLICEMAN WE CAN SPARE WILL BE COVERING THE PLACE!



IT'S THE JOKER, ALL RIGHT!

BUT NOT IN PERSON! IT'S ONLY A MOVIE!

SOMEBODY'S MAKING A FOOL OF THE JOKER... BUT ONLY IN THE MOVIE!

HEY!

THE JOKER KEPT HIS WORD... BUT HE TRICKED US, ANYWAY!

THE JOKES ON US!

MEANWHILE, LEARNING OF THE JOKER'S MISSIVE, THE BATMAN HAS MADE PLANS OF HIS OWN...

GOTHAM MUSIC CO.

RARE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

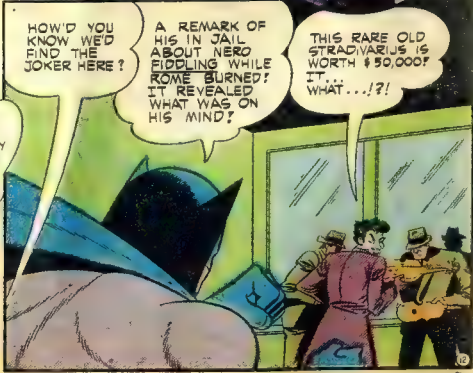
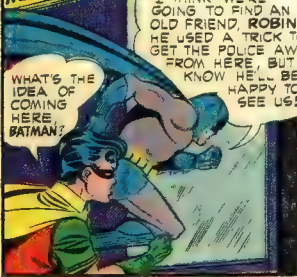
WHAT'S THE IDEA OF COMING HERE, BATMAN?

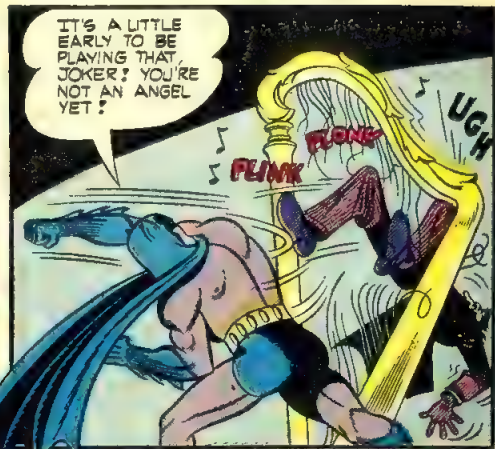
I THINK WE'RE GOING TO FIND AN OLD FRIEND, ROBIN! HE USED A TRICK TO GET THE POLICE AWAY FROM HERE, BUT I KNOW HE'LL BE HAPPY TO SEE US!

HOW'D YOU KNOW WE'D FIND THE JOKER HERE?

A REMARK OF HIS IN JAIL ABOUT NERO FIDDLING WHILE ROME BURNED! IT REVEALED WHAT WAS ON HIS MIND!

THIS RARE OLD STRADIVARIUS IS WORTH \$50,000! IT... WHAT...!?



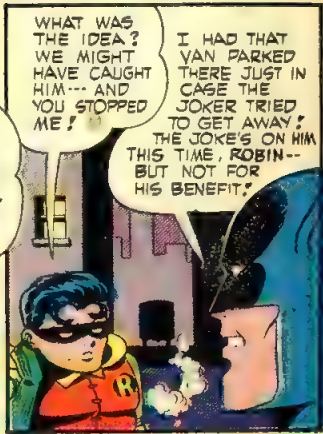
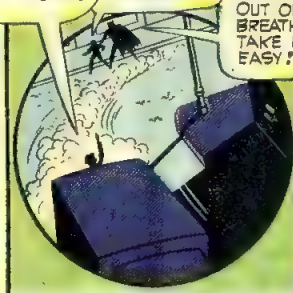


AS THE HUNTED HARLEQUIN OF HATE REACHES THE STREET, A HUGE VAN SWINGS INTO MOTION...

GOOD-BYE, BATMAN! YOU'RE TOO LATE AGAIN!

QUICK, BATMAN! WE'VE STILL GOT A CHANCE...

HOLD ON, ROBIN! NO USE GETTING OUT OF BREATH! TAKE IT EASY!



HE DIDN'T ESCAPE, ROBIN! RIGHT NOW HE'S IN PRETTY GOOD HANDS!

INSIDE THE VAN...

POLICE! I'VE BEEN TRICKED!

HELLO, JOKER! WE'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU!

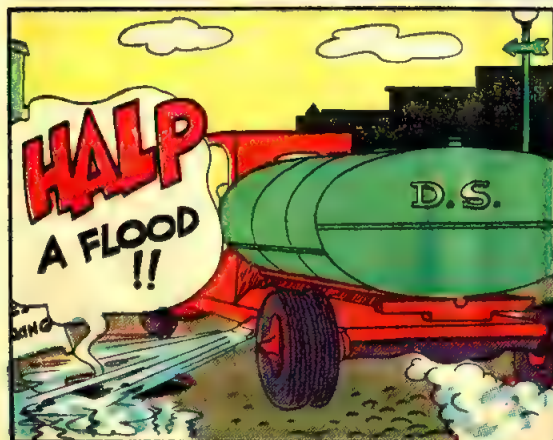
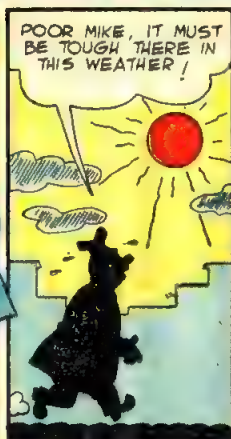
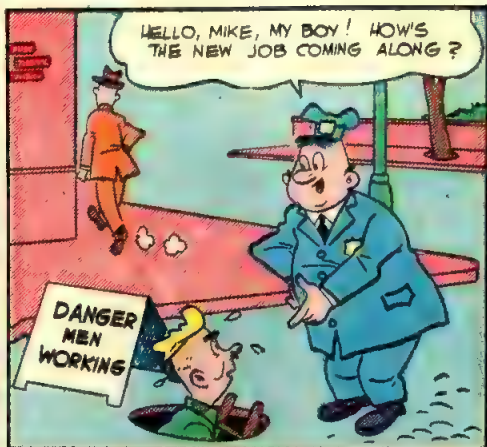
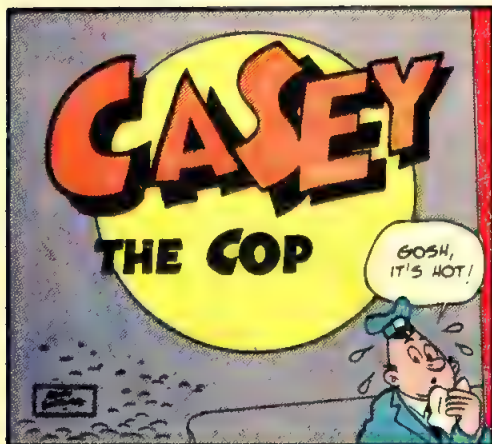


AND SO THE KING-CLOWN OF THE CRIMINAL WORLDS ENDS UP AT THE SAME CELL FROM WHICH HE DEPARTED...



HOW LONG BEFORE THE JEERING JESTER WILL ONCE AGAIN PERFORM HIS EVIL PRANKS BEFORE AN UNSUSPECTING, HELPLESS AUDIENCE? YES... HOW LONG?

THE END



LIGHTER MOMENTS with **fresh Eveready Batteries**



"Wait till he throws down some more coconuts"

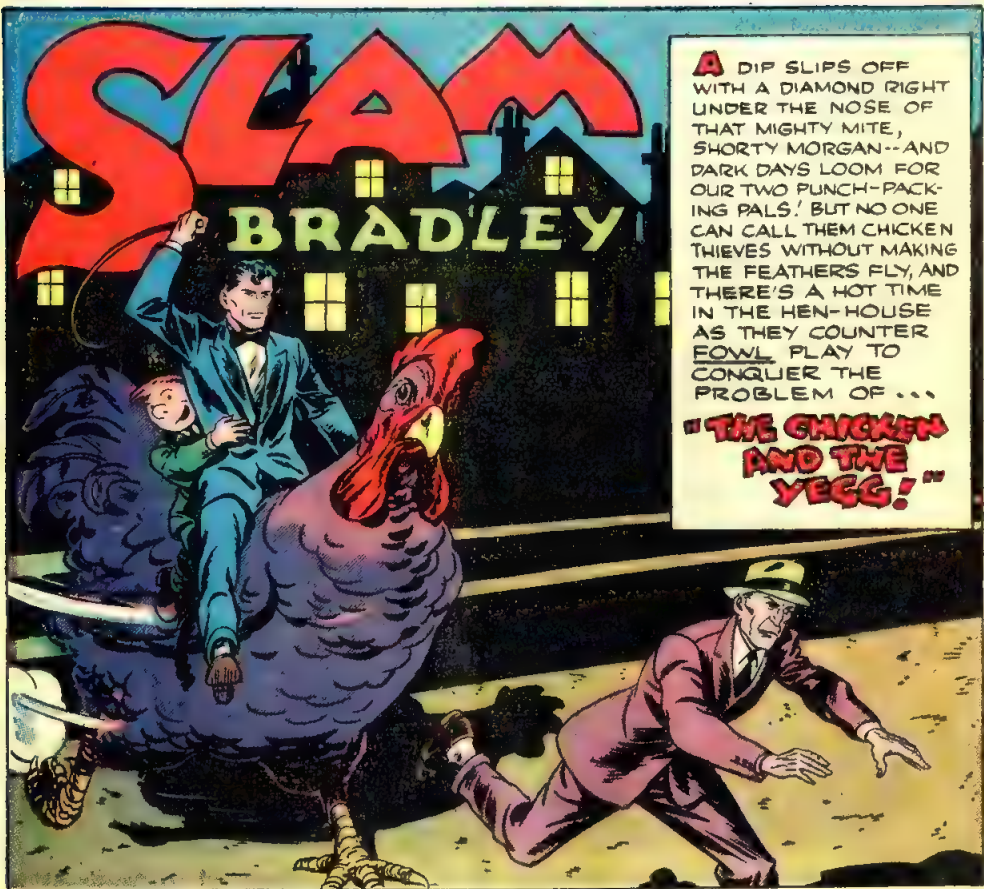
IF YOU FIND your dealer out of "Eveready" flashlight batteries when you call—please understand this: Most of those we're now able to make go to the armed forces, lend-lease and essential war industries.

If you can't say it with bombs—say it with bonds. Buy those War Bonds every payday!

The word "Eveready" is a registered trade-mark of National Carbon Company, Inc.

**FRESH BATTERIES LAST
LONGER . . . Look for
the date line** →





A DIP SLIPS OFF WITH A DIAMOND RIGHT UNDER THE NOSE OF THAT MIGHTY MITE, SHORTY MORGAN--AND DARK DAYS LOOM FOR OUR TWO PUNCH-PACKING PALS! BUT NO ONE CAN CALL THEM CHICKEN THIEVES WITHOUT MAKING THE FEATHERS FLY, AND THERE'S A HOT TIME IN THE HEN-HOUSE AS THEY COUNTER FOWL PLAY TO CONQUER THE PROBLEM OF ...

"THE CHICKEN AND THE YEGG!"



HEY, MISTER WHAT'S YOUR HURRY? WHERE'S THE FIRE? BUT WAIT--CAN THIS PURSUING PAIR OF ELEGANTLY GARBED FIGURES REALLY BE THOSE INCOMPARABLE SLEUTHS, SLAM BRADLEY AND SHORTY MORGAN? AND WHAT'S ALL THE RUSH ABOUT?



YOU FIXED THINGS FINE! I TOLD YOU TO KEEP AN EYE ON ALL THE WEDDING GUESTS, DIDN'T I?

THESE MONKEY SUITS MAKE EVERYBODY LOOK SO MUCH ALIKE, HOW'D I KNOW THAT BIRD WAS A CROOK!



IF THAT SKUNK IN PEACOCK'S CLOTHING RUINS SO MUCH AS A RADISH IN MY VICTORY GARDEN, I'LL--



DRAT THOSE DETECTIVES! I CAN'T SHAKE 'EM! WHY CAN'T THEY CATCH A COUPLA MOIDERERS INSTEAD O' BOTHERIN' A POOR JEWEL THIEF!



OR ON A FEW OF OLD MAN JONES'S PRIZE HENS. THE OLD BOY OUGHT TO BE STICKING HIS HEAD OUT OF THE WINDOW AND BELLOWING BY NOW!



QUICK-- THERE HE IS!

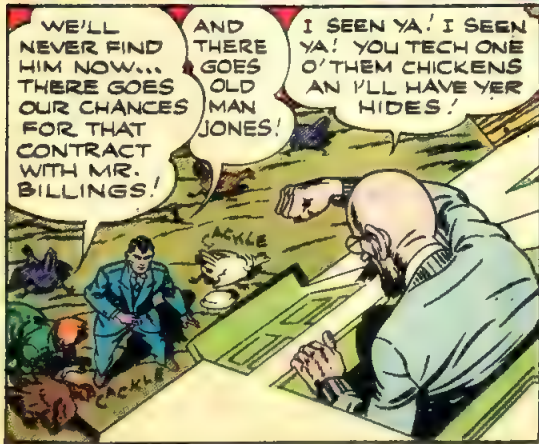
STOP, THIEF!

G'WAN, YA PAIR OF FLAT-FOOTED FAT-HEADS! LET'S SEE YA CATCH ME!



OOF! HE'S GETTING AWAY!

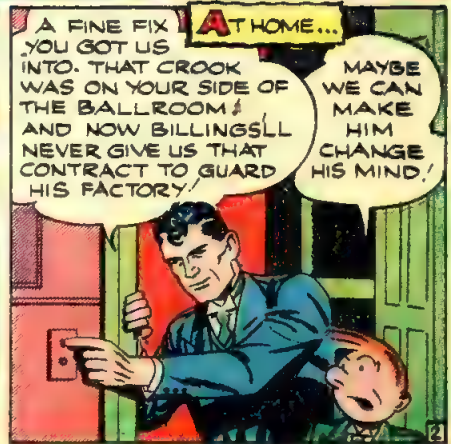
WHOOOMP! I SLIPPED!



WE'LL NEVER FIND HIM NOW... THERE GOES OUR CHANCES FOR THAT CONTRACT WITH MR. BILLINGS!

AND THERE GOES OLD MAN JONES!

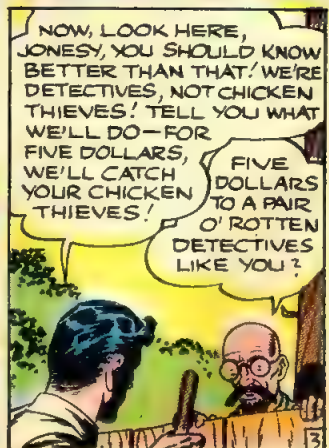
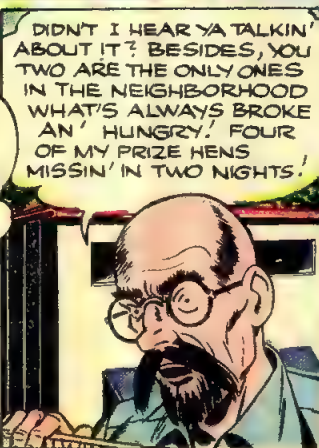
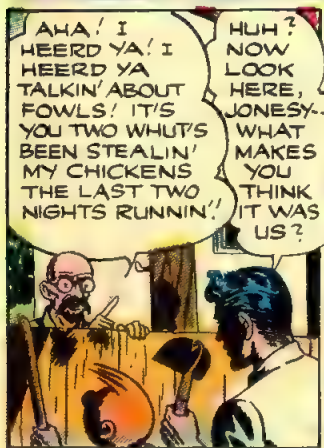
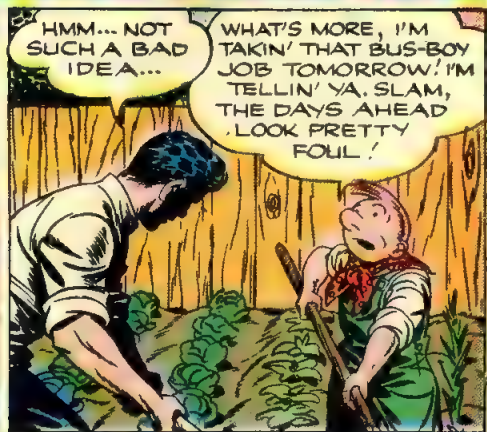
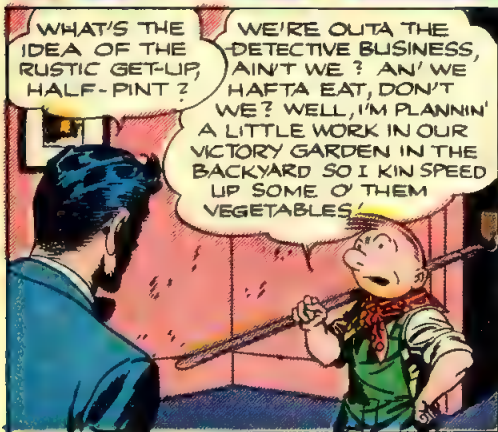
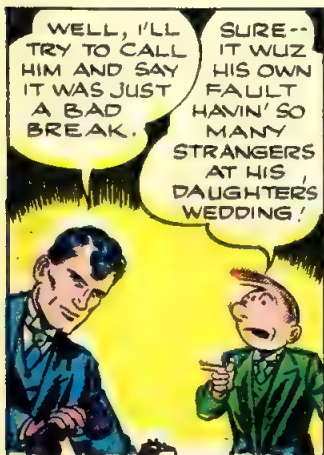
I SEEN YA! I SEEN YA! YOU TECH ONE O' THEM CHICKENS AN I'LL HAVE YER HIDES!

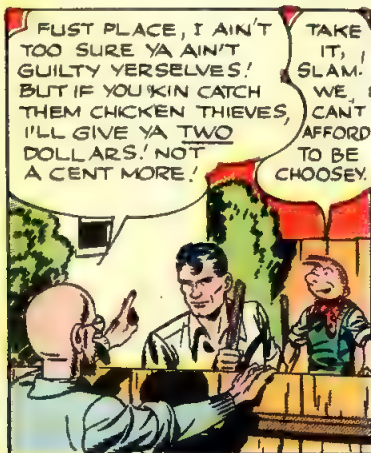


A FINE FIX AT HOME...

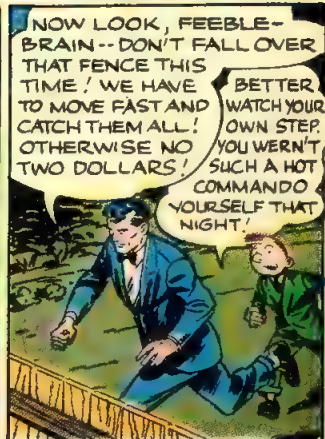
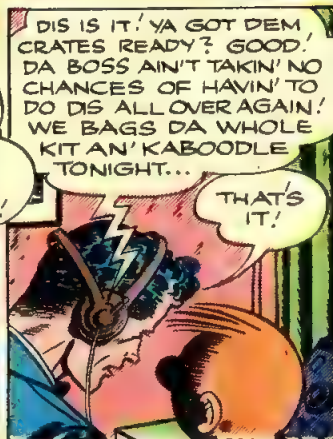
YOU GOT US INTO THAT CROOK WAS ON YOUR SIDE OF THE BALLROOM! AND NOW BILLINGSLL NEVER GIVE US THAT CONTRACT TO GUARD HIS FACTORY!

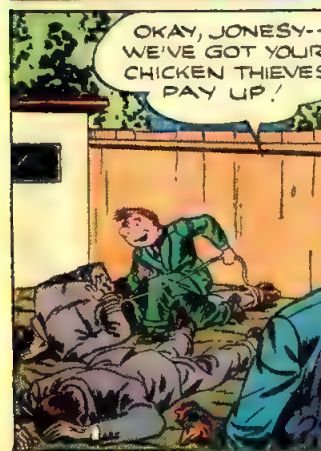
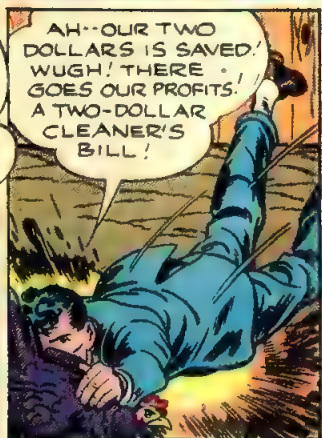
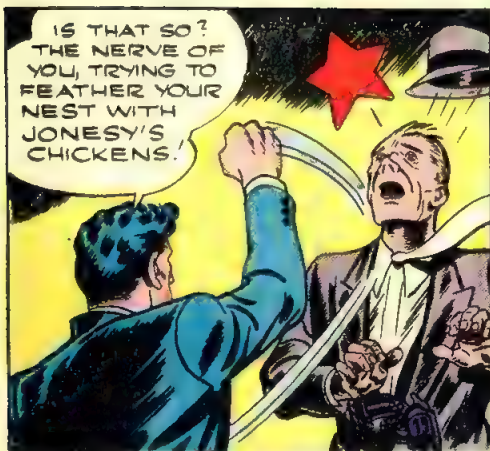
MAYBE WE CAN MAKE HIM CHANGE HIS MIND!





So THAT AFTER-NOON, THE BUSTED PALS MAKE PREPARATIONS FOR THE APPREHENSION OF THE POULTRY PILFERERS...



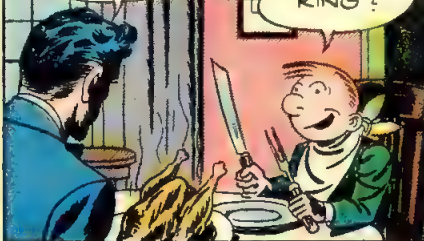


SINCE THE MONEY WOULD HAVE GONE FOR FOOD ANYWAY, THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON FINDS OUR SLUGGING SLEUTHS PREPARING TO ENJOY THEIR REWARD...

LEAVE IT TO OLD JONESY TO GET THE BEST OF A BARGAIN. THAT SCRAWNY FOWL ISN'T GOING TO PAY MY CLEANER'S BILL!

YES, BUT IT'LL FILL OUR STOMACHS! AND MAYBE BILLINGS HAS COOLED DOWN BY NOW. WHY NOT GIVE HIM ANOTHER RING?

IT'S HOPELESS, BUT I'LL TRY. BY THE WAY, JONESY SAID ONE OF THOSE THREE CROOKS WAS THE SAME THAT TRIED TO BUY HIS CHICKENS FOR A FANCY PRICE YESTERDAY. BUT HE WOULDN'T SELL BECAUSE HE THOUGHT THEY WERE WORKING FOR THE BLACK MARKET.



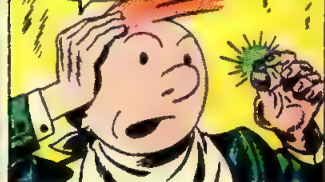
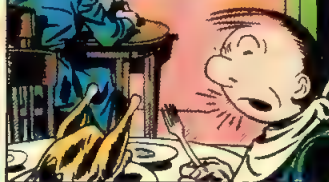
THEY WOULDN'T TELL THE COPS WHO THEY WERE WORKIN' FOR... YA GOT BILLINGS? GIVE HIM THE OLD OIL...

YES, MR. BILLINGS... THIS IS SLAM BRADLEY... AND I--

BUT YOU'VE GOT TO LISTEN TO ME, MR. BILLINGS--

OH, BOY-- DO I LOVE GIZZARD, OUCH--MY TOOTH! WHAT KINDA ROCKS HAS THIS CHICKEN BEEN EATIN'!

HOLY MACKEREL-- IT'S THE BILLINGS EMERALD! HEY, SLAM-- HOLD ON! WE FOUND IT! TELL BILLINGS WE FOUND IT! THAT CROOK MUSTA DROPPED IT WHEN HE FELL OVER THE FENCE, AND ONE OF THE CHICKENS SWALLOWED IT!



THAT'S WHY THEM CHICKENS WAS STOLEN FOR TWO NIGHTS RUNNING. THE CROOK WAS TRYING TO FIND THE ONE THAT ATE THE EMERALD--AND LAST NIGHT HE GOT DESPERATE AND SENT HIS BOYS TO GRAB THEM ALL! WHAT LUCK!

WHAT, MR. BILLINGS! THE EMERALD IS NOT ENOUGH? YOU WANT THE THIEF, TOO? ER--OF COURSE, MR. BILLINGS-- OF COURSE!

WE SIMPLY HAVE TO FIND OUT WHO HIRED THOSE THREE GUYS!

AND THEY WON'T TALK! WHAT'LL WE DO?



THINGS ARE LOOKING PRETTY BLEAK AGAIN -- BUT WE HAVE AN IDEA THAT SLAM MAY BE ABLE TO FIGURE A WAY OUT... LET'S LOOK IN ON OUR PALS THE FOLLOWING DAY AS THEY RECEIVE AN IMPORTANT VISITOR...

MR. BILLINGS, I PROMISE YOU THAT YOUR THIEF WILL BE WALKING IN HERE OF HIS OWN FREE WILL VERY SHORTLY!

HMM... IF YOU BOYS CAN PULL A STUNT LIKE THAT, YOU'LL GET THE CONTRACT!

WHAT KIND OF RASH PROMISE IS SLAM MAKING? OR DOES HE HAVE SOMETHING UP HIS SLEEVE?

THAT MUST BE OUR CROOK! GET SET, SHORTY!

DON'T FORGET-- I'LL KNOW HIM WHEN I SEE HIM, SO YOU CAN'T PUT ANYTHING OVER ON ME!

KNOCK!

ER... PARDON ME, BUT AREN'T YOU -- HUM? WHY, YOU'RE THE DETECTIVE WHO...

COME IN, COME IN!

WHATSA MATTER -- DON'T YA LIKE OUR HOSPITALITY?

HE'S THE MAN, ALL RIGHT, BUT HOW DID YOU GET HIM TO COME HERE?

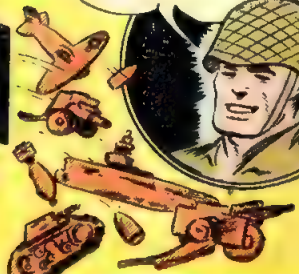
SIMPLE! I GOT JONESY TO INSERT AN AD OFFERING TO SELL HIS CHICKENS FOR AN EXHORBITANT PRICE. NOBODY EXCEPT A GUY LOOKING FOR AN EMERALD WOULD HAVE BEEN INTERESTED. THEN JONESY SENT THE GUY HERE FOR THE BILL OF SALE! AND HERE HE IS!

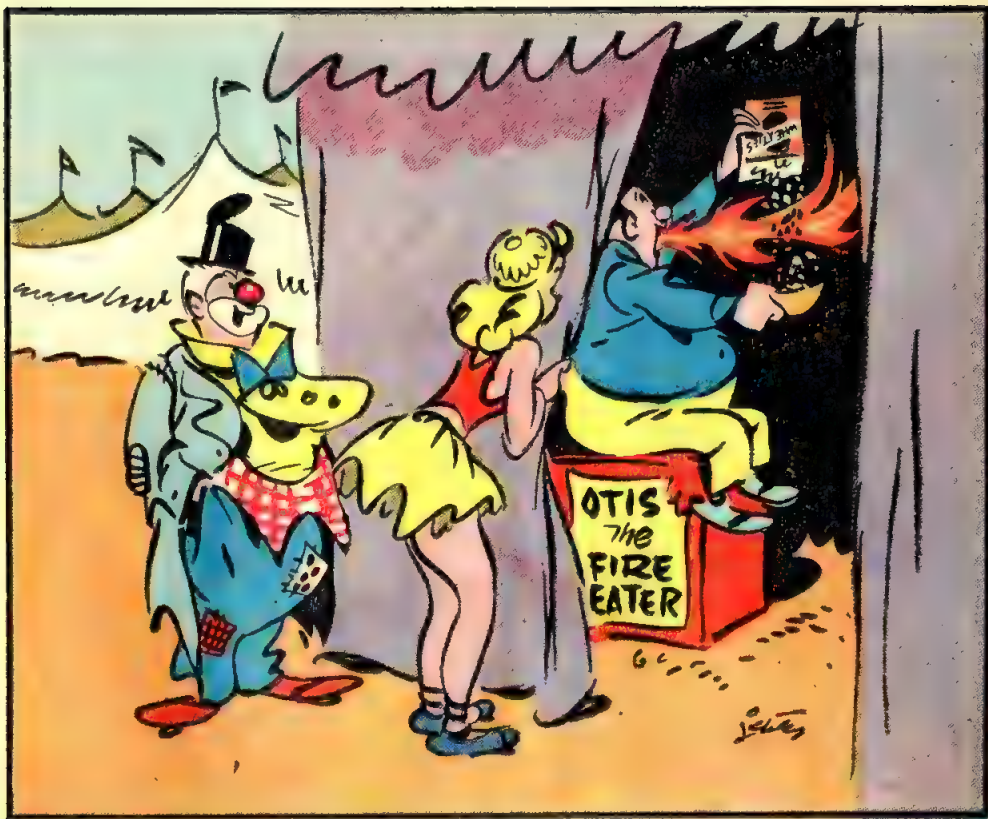
THAT SURE IS A REMARKABLE MACHINE!

YOU BET, YOU PUT MONEY IN ONE END -- AND LOOK AT ALL THE THINGS THAT COME OUT THE OTHER END!

WAR BONDS

-- AND THOSE ARE ALL THE THINGS WE NEED FOR FINAL VICTORY, FOLKS -- SO KEEP ON BUYING WAR BONDS!





"He likes his Wheaties double-toasted."



YOU'LL LIKE WHEATIES AS IS. BIG FLAKES OF RICH WHOLE WHEAT. TOASTED JUST RIGHT. CRISP AND CRUNCHY AND FLAVORED WITH TANGY, MALT-SWEET SYRUP.

YES, WHEATIES ARE MIGHTY GOOD EATING. GOOD FOR YOU, TOO. THOSE SWELL TASTING FLAKES ARE PACKED WITH THE WIDELY-KNOWN

ESSENTIAL NOURISHMENT OF REAL WHOLE WHEAT. THE SAME CONCENTRATED FOOD VALUES SO MANY BIG-TIME ATHLETES GET WHEN THEY BUILD THEIR BREAKFAST LINE-UP AROUND A MAN-SIZED BOWL OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."

WHEATIES DELIVER THE KIND OF CHAMPION NOURISHMENT YOU WANT TO GET. AND THEY'RE LOADED WITH A "SECOND HELPING" FLAVOR YOU REALLY ENJOY. SO PUT IN YOUR BID FOR PLENTY OF MILK AND FRUIT AND WHEATIES. THAT FAMOUS "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS," WHEATIES, IS YOUR KIND OF DISH.



"Breakfast of Champions"

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of GENERAL MILLS, INC.

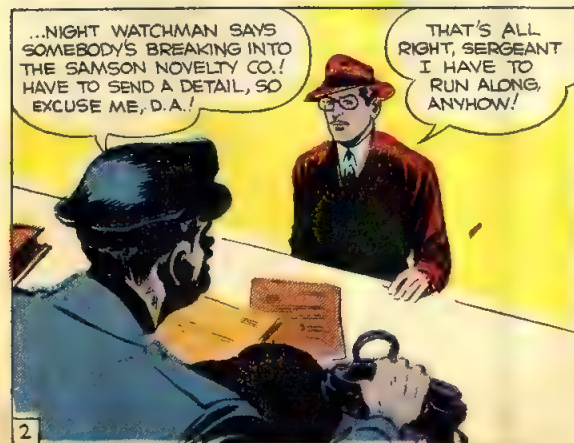




Our story switches to America... several weeks later.



BUT AS THE GANGSTERS PROWL THROUGH THE PREMISES...





AND SOON, AN EMERALD-CLAD FIGURE SPEEDS THROUGH THE NIGHT...THAT SUPER-CHARGED WIZARD OF WIRELESS, *Air Wave*!



LOOKS LIKE I'M JUST IN TIME! NOW TO GIVE THESE TOY THIEVES A LITTLE SURPRISE...



SORRY TO BE SO INFORMAL ABOUT DROPPING IN ON YOU!

YOU! AIR WAVE!



THE FRANTIC ALARM BRINGS THE REST OF THE GANG ON THE RUN!



LOOKS LIKE I HAVE HELP!



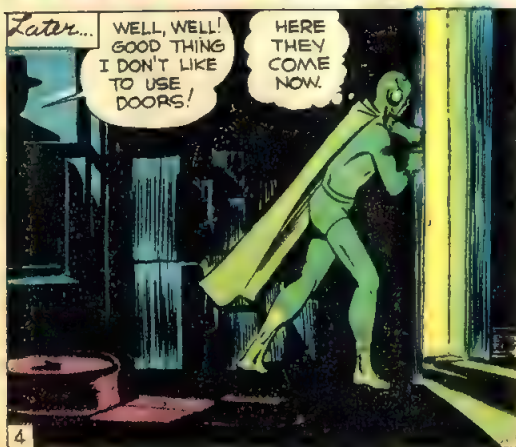
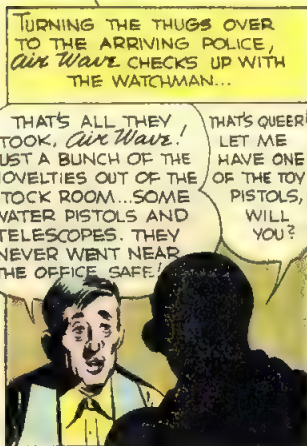
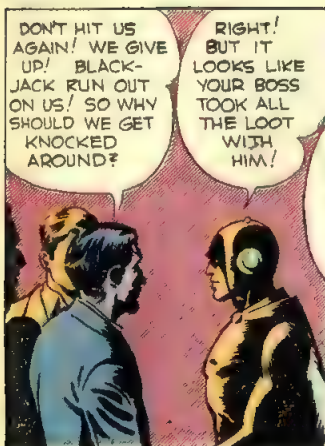
ONE AT A TIME IS TOO SLOW!

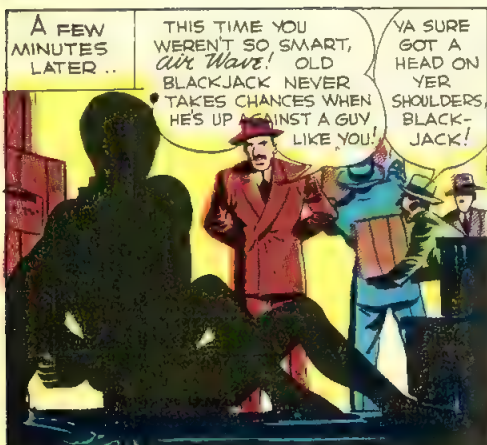


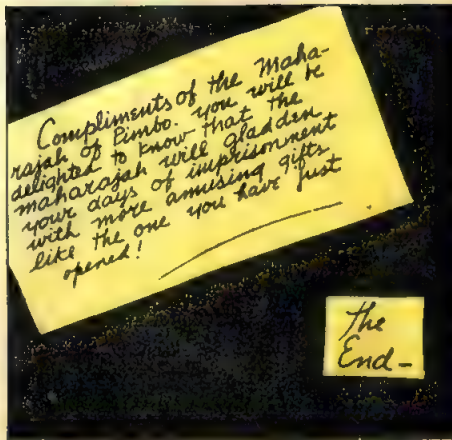
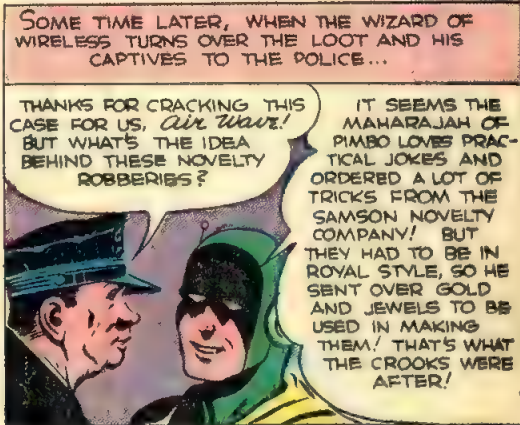
COME ON, YOU GUYS! WE'LL SCRAM WITH WHAT WE ALREADY GRABBED!

DEM'S WELCOME WORDS, BLACK-JACK!









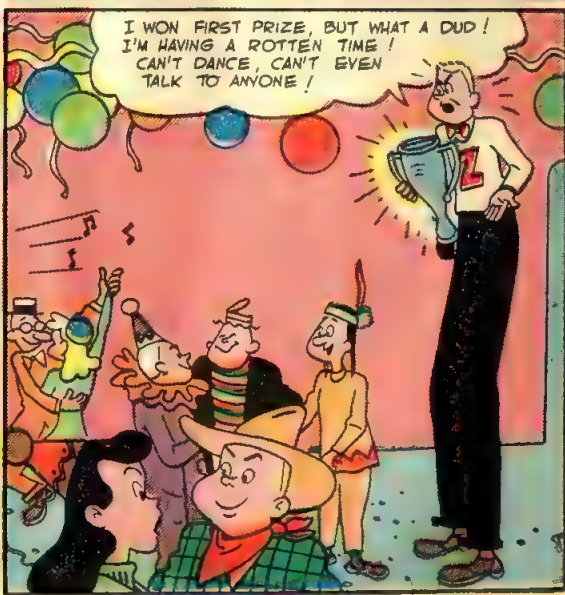
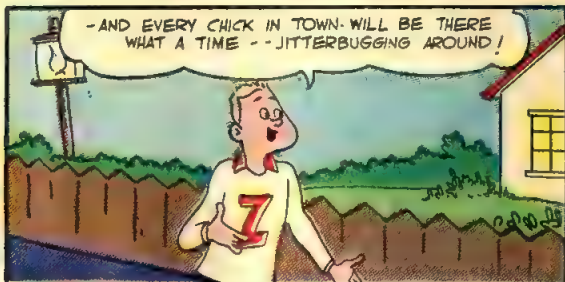
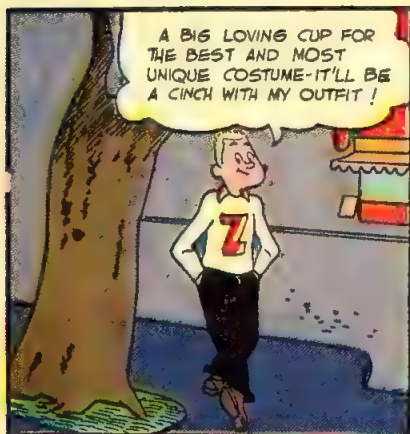
The End-



JERRY

THE JITTERBUG

ALAN GOLDEN



MONEY IN THE BANK

by Stan Carter

MOST kidnappings, Ryerson's knowledge of crime had taught him, were botched by impatience, lack of imagination and the slavish adherence to a stale pattern. But the snatch of the infant, Spencer Darrell, was different. For one thing, there was no demand for money.

The police, as Ryerson expected, announced that the criminal had grown panicky and given up the idea of ransom.

He laughed at that theory, for he knew more about the abduction of Spencer Darrell than any other person. Naturally, since he was the kidnapper.

He had deliberately not sent a ransom note. Why leave the police, always sniffing for clues, a clear trail of letters, phone calls or advertisements? No, he discarded the old, outworn kidnap plot, knowing that there was almost certain to be an offer without a demand. And he was right.

Clyde Darrell, the orphaned child's grandfather, posted a reward of twenty-five thousand dollars, which, a week later, he doubled. Ryerson knew the police would be skeptical of the results, just as he anticipated their next theory. They soon declared that the frightened kidnaper had probably killed and buried the infant.

Ordinarily, they might have been correct. But it was part of Ryerson's snatch scheme to let the kid live; he arranged to give the child a home with a couple who would be unlikely to learn that he had been kidnapped, and who wanted a baby badly enough to keep him. What he did was straight out of old-fashioned melodrama. He left the child on a doorstep. . . .

Suppose his plan didn't work out? Okay—it would be water under the bridge. He'd merely be disappointed and drop the whole idea. That was the beauty of his crime in his eyes—he was prepared to see it fizzle like a wet firecracker anywhere along the line—without, of course, endangering his skin.

Meanwhile, the kid was like money in the bank which he couldn't touch, the bank in this case being a farm in a thinly populated section of northern Minnesota. True, five years was a long time to wait, but not when the wait was part of the plot itself. . . .

Every so often, as the years passed, Ryerson checked up to see how the boy was getting on. At the same time, he kept in touch with Clyde Darrell, the kid's grandfather, and let him know he hadn't dropped the case, that he was following up this lead and that.

And there was the final cog in Ryerson's perfect crime—he was a private detective. He was the man who had snatched the child, and he was going to be the detective who found him. First he made his case, then he "solved" it.

Now the hour had come to cash in. Calmly, Ryerson put in a long distance call from St. Paul, Minnesota, to Rye, New York, and was connected with the old man.

"Mr. Darrell," he said, with the proper amount of excitement in his voice, "get ready to hear the best news I've been able to give you so far."

"What is it?" came the eager response.

"Your grandson is alive and well!"

"Alive!" the old man exclaimed. Ryerson could hear his breath catch in his throat. "Are you—are you sure?"

"Positive."

He gave Darrell explicit directions for meeting him in St. Paul, and hung up. He had waited five years; now there was only a day left. But for the first time he was a little impatient. He forced himself to grow calm. He had seen too many shrewd plans fail because of impatience. So he bought a good cigar and went to the movies. And when Clyde Darrell arrived by plane, he was again the nerveless, unemotional detective who had hung onto the case when every other investigator dropped out.

* * *

It was sunset when Ryerson and Darrell drove into the farmyard of Peter Hanson. The sound of the motor and the excited clucking of the chickens brought a woman and a small boy to the kitchen door.

"Let me handle this," Ryerson said to the old man.

He didn't overlook the light in Clyde Darrell's eyes as he gazed devoutly at the youngster, and he was cynically amused.

In a gesture that seemed instinctive, the woman in the doorway put her arm around the boy and drew him close. The husband, rough-hewn and slow-moving, appeared in the kitchen behind them. He pushed open the screen door and stepped out.

"I'm the gentleman who was here the other day," Ryerson addressed him. "Remember?"

The farmer nodded slowly.

"You want water again for car, yes?" he asked, in his deliberate, halting voice.

"No," Ryerson said, showing his detective badge. "We want to talk to you."

"Police?" Hanson rumbled. His wife's fist went up to her lips. "What—what for?"

But just the same he held the door open and led the visitors into the sitting room, where he gestured with awkward courtesy to a pair of straight-backed wooden chairs.

"Go out and play, Peter," the woman whispered to the boy.

"Let him stay here," Ryerson snapped. "That's what we came to see you about." Without giving them a chance to ask questions, he said: "The boy you call Peter isn't your son, is he?"

The woman stood up, white-faced. "What are you saying? That is not true. Who says Peter is not our son? He——"

Hanson went to her, put his big hands on her shoulders. "It has come, Hilda," he said. "We must not lie." He turned to Ryerson, his eyes hurt but clear and frank. "Peter was a baby when we found him outside our door. Who left him, we do not know."

"Mr. Darrell is this child's grandfather," Ryerson said rapidly. "The boy was kidnaped five years ago. Look at him and then look at the picture of this gentleman's own son when he was about the same age."

Ryerson held the picture out to them. The Hansons studied the worn photograph for several minutes. When they returned it, they were pale and silent. But Ryerson was looking at Darrell's face, and he saw his dazed expression of happiness. This was going to be even easier than he had thought.

"Now I'll show you the birthmark," he added triumphantly.

"That's how I was able to prove to myself that this boy is Spencer Darrell. Take your blouse off, son."

The boy's lips were trembling. He was about to cry. Hanson went to him, and with big, gentle fingers unbuttoned the youngster's blouse. "Where you say birthmark is?" he asked.

"On the right shoulder," Ryerson stated, while Clyde Darrell nodded agreement.

Hanson looked at Ryerson steadily. "When you see mark on boy?" he asked.

"The other day, when I was here for water," Ryerson answered glibly. "He was wearing overalls."

Slowly, the farmer removed the boy's blouse. "There is no birthmark," he said quietly.

"What're you talking about?" Ryerson demanded. "Of course there is!"

But he looked, anyhow, and blinked. There was no blemish on the smooth, tanned skin!

Hanson was staring at Ryerson thoughtfully and rubbing his chin.

"How you see birthmark when there is none?"

Fear stabbed through Ryerson's heart for the first time and pinned his tongue to the roof of his mouth.

"But—but——" Clyde stammered. "This boy can't be Spencer, then. I don't understand what——"

Ryerson stumbled back at a hoarse cry of anger from Hanson. In two strides, the big farmer reached him. He clutched his shirtfront and with his other hand clouted him on the side of the head. Dazed and panicky, Ryerson reached under his jacket for his gun, but strong fingers seized his wrist. There was a jerk, a snapping sound, and Ryerson screamed in agony. The farmer had broken his arm.

"This man is kidnaper!" the farmer roared.

Ryerson looked in terror for a path of escape, but Hanson stood near the door, Ryerson's gun in his hand. Clyde Darrell glanced from Ryerson to the farmer.

"Kidnaper?" he repeated. "But the boy isn't——"

"Boy is your grandson," Hanson said. "I see that by picture. And he *did* have birthmark, but three years ago he got burned. Doctors put new skin on shoulder."

Ryerson cursed himself for his one careless slip. He hadn't looked to see if the youngster's birthmark was still there. But he was so sure: how could he have anticipated an accident like that?

"This man lie when he say he see birthmark," Hanson went on. "He is kidnaper. He is the one who leave the baby outside door. That is how he know where to find him. That is how he sure boy have mark on shoulder."

Clyde Darrell stood up. Ryerson saw his face grow hard. "The law will take care of you," he said. He turned to the Hansons and his eyes softened. "There is a fifty thousand dollar reward I was prepared to pay for my grandson's return. It's yours."

Ryerson winced at the mention of the money that had been his goal for five years. The Hansons only gazed sorrowfully down at the boy.

"Don't worry," Darrell added gently. "I'm not taking 'your boy' from you, if—if you won't take him away from me." He nodded toward the golden fields beyond the window. "This farm doesn't seem like a bad place for an old man to live part of the year. . . ."

Ryerson gnashed his teeth at the happiness in the faces of the people around him, and moaned in agony, both physical and mental. . . .

'THREE-RING'

BINKO

HIYA, CHUM!-- YOU ARE NOW GETTING A RINGSIDE CLOSE-UP OF "JIGOLO, THE JUGGLER"-- THAT'S ME, PAL!-- THE ONE AN' ONLY MEMBER OF THE JUGGLIN' CRAFT IN THE HULL WORLD WHO CAN JUGGLE TWEN'NY SIX (26) ITEMS AT ONCE AND THE SAME TIME - (NO APPLAUSE, PLEASE) NOW START TALKING ME INTO A TEN YEAR CONTRACT!

HO-HUM!! YOU JUST PUT ME IN A QUICK DROWSE, NEIGHBOR-- DROP EVERYTHING AN' SIT DOWN, AND I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT A JUGGLIN' MARVEL WHO COULD OUT-JUGGLE YOU WITH HIS HANDS IN HIS HIP POCKETS! LISTEN!!

JIGOLO
THE JUGGLER

SENSATIONAL!
MARVELOUS

STUPENDOUS! A ROT!

I WAS BARNSTORMING THROUGH THE CANE-BRAKES WITH A WHEEZY ONE-RING CARNIVAL, WHEN EXACTLY MID-SEASON, MY STAR ATTRACTION 'WALKED OUT' ON THE SHOW!

HAH!-- A MERE JUGGLER?-- MY FRIEND, JUGGLERS ARE THE VERY MOSTEST OF WHAT WE HAVE GOT IN THIS MAN'S TOWN--- JUS' STEP OUT IN THE BACK YARD RIGHT NOW AND GIVE MY NEW DISHWASHER A QUICK LOOKIN' OVER!

STRANGER IN TOWN, EH, PARDNER-- AN' Y'LOOK KINDA SUNK-- WHAT'S GOT Y'DOWN?

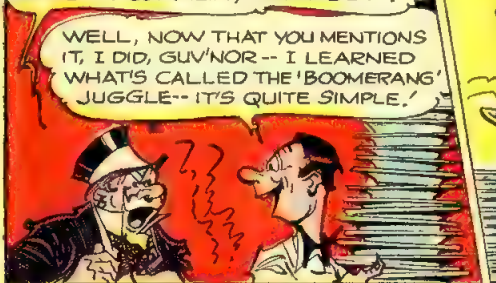
JUST LOST MY HEADLINE ACT-- A JUGGLER... 'FRAD I'LL HAFTA CLOSE SHOP, PAL!

MAIZY
DOAKES
TEA ROOM

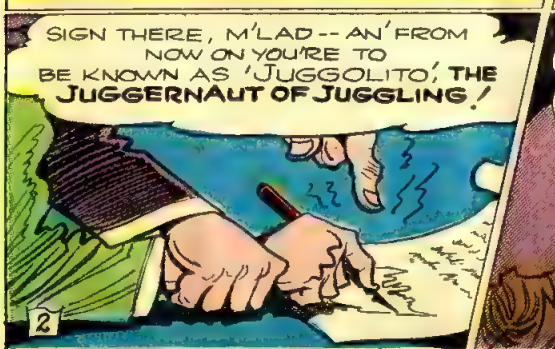
DISH-
WASHER?



ER--ER--JER LEARN ANYTHING ELSE IN THE JUGGLING LINE BACK HOME IN AUSTRALIA, SONNY BOY?



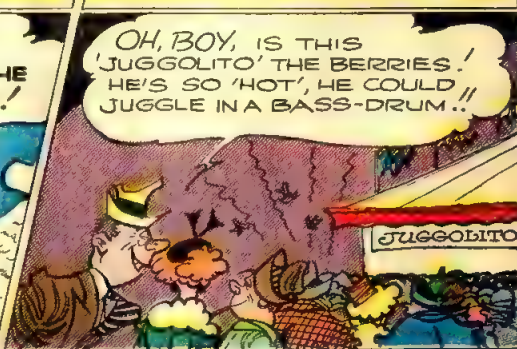
WHAM!-- I RIVETED HIM, ON THE SPOT, TO A CONTRACT THAT TIED UP EVERYTHING BUT THE TRAFFIC!



-- BUT INSTEAD OF THE MONOTONOUS OLD 'STRAIGHT UP AN' DOWN' JUGGLE-- YOU JUGGLE 'ON A SLANT'-- THE SAME AS YOU TOSS A BOOMERANG -- LIKE THIS FOR INSTANCE-- IT'S QUITE SIMPLE!



--AND HE WAS A DOUBLE BOX-OFFICE 'SELLOUT' FROM HIS VERY FIRST APPEARANCE!



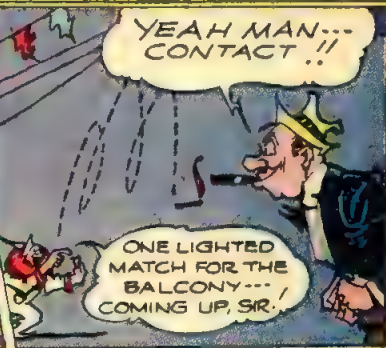
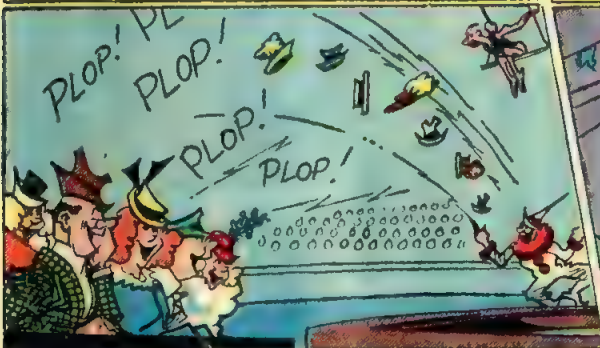
-- HE HAD ONE GAG THAT SIMPLY 'FLOORED THEM IN THE AISLES', FOR AN 'OPENING'-- HE'D COLLECT THE FIRST HUNDRED HATS, (NO MORE, NO LESS) THAT HE CAME TO, FROM THE AUDIENCE ---

HE WOULD THEN JUGGLE THESE, AT RANDOM, MIXING THEM UP COMPLETELY, UNTIL HE HAD REACHED THE FAR SIDE OF THE ARENA ---



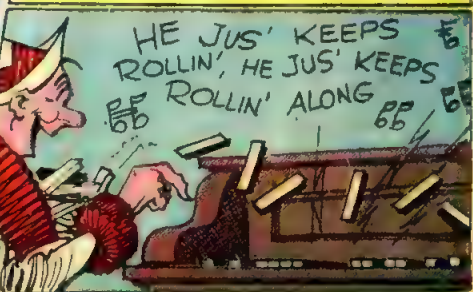
-- THEN IN ONE GRAND FLOURISH HE'D RETURN THE ENTIRE HUNDRED HATS, CLEAR ACROSS RING TO EACH AND EVERY INDIVIDUAL OWNER'S HEAD! AT THE EXACT TILT!

ONE OF HIS 'SLAM' SURPRISE STUNTS, WAS TO OFFER TO LIGHT ANY CUSTOMER'S CIGAR, AT 50 PACES -- AND HE'D DO IT EVERY TIME.



HE COULD ALSO TOSS A FULL GLASS OF WATER TWENTY FEET IN THE AIR (MAKING A FIGURE EIGHT, (8) IN TRANSIT) AND CATCH EVERY LAST DROP OF IT, ON THE WAY DOWN IN ANOTHER GLASS AT ARM'S LENGTH---

OH YES-- AND THIS ONE IS THE 'TOPS' TO TOP ALL 'TOPS'-- HE WOULD TAKE THE ENTIRE KEYBOARD OFF A PIANO--AND THEN TOSS THE KEYS BACK ONE AT A TIME-- PLAYING 'OLD MAN RIVER' WHILE DOING IT!!



B-B-BUT, (SIGH) LIKE ALL GOOD THINGS, IT HAD TO COME TO AN END-- AND A VERY SUDDEN END IT WAS TOO! (ANOTHER (GULP) SIGH).

BOSS, JUST A NOTE TO YOU, PINNED TO JUGGOLITO'S DRESSING ROOM DOOR-- HE LEFT AT DAWN, BAG 'N' BAGGAGE, FOR PARTS UNKNOWN!!

AN' WHAT HAPPENED AFTER THAT, PAL-- WHERE'S JUGGOLITO NOW?

WELL, SON, I GUESS THE NEXT DAY WAS THE SADDEST, FINEST, BLUEST AND MOST GLORIOUS DAY OF MY ENTIRE CAREER-- I LEARNED THAT JUGGOLITO HAD SHIPPED OFF HOME TO AUSTRALIA TO JOIN THE COLORS AT ONCE!

-- AND A LETTER JUST IN, FROM HIS COMMANDING OFFICER, SAYS THAT HE'S TOURING THE 'ISLAND-HOPPING' CREDIT OUT THERE-- AND STICKING STRICTLY TO HIS 'SMASH' SPECIALTY ACT-- THE 'BOOMERANG JUGGLE'-- WITH THE JAPS' OWN BOMBS AND GRENADES-- HE'S ALSO NOW A TWELVE CITATIONED 'KNOCKOUT'!!

EVERY FLIP RIPS A NIP FOR A ONE-WAY TRIP... WHAMMO!!

HEY, SON! WHAT'S YOUR HURRY, AN' WHERE Y' HEADING'?

I'M HEADIN' TO SIGN UP FOR THE SOUTH PACIFIC, CHUM-- AN' BETWEEN JAPS, IF I MEET UP WITH JUGGOLITO-- I'M ADDING THAT 'BOOMERANG' TWIST TO MY REPPY-TWARRY! I'LL BE SEEN' YA!

EXIT (QUIETLY)



**ACTUAL MODELS
ILLUSTRATED**

Hollow Fuselage
Over 9' Wing Spread

Build and FLY!

THE ALLIES' ACE ATTACK PLANES



AIRACOBRA P-39



STORMOVIK IL-2

Get these flying models of the deadly low-altitude fighters that strafe and bomb Jap and German ground forces in support of advancing allied troops. America's fast-striking, nose-cannoned *Bell P-39 Airacobra*. And the plane the Nazis fear—the *IL-2 Stormovik*, which hurls Russia's famous tank-tearing rocket bombs.

Build them yourself from the newest of the *Jack Armstrong Tru-Flite Fighter Model Kits*. You receive complete un-assembled models, laid out in full color on specially treated cover stock. A top notch assembly job takes about two hours.

Your planes actually fly! Yes, the models you build are designed to glide and soar up to 75 feet when launched by hand. And when you rig them for G-line flight they can be guided into simulated bomb-

ing dives and strafing sweeps.

They can take it. Your Airacobra and Stormovik models are built for top speed and real maneuverability. They're built for ruggedness, too. You can send them on hundreds of fighting forays—indoors and out—without serious damage to the ships.

Start a squadron of the world's most famous fighters. These two planes are numbers 11 and 12 in a series of battle-famous aircraft which are *your extra dividend* for eating Wheaties. Get complete information on how you can obtain every one of these fast flying models. And get acquainted with champion nourishment and zippy flavor and good fun—in a heaping bowlful of milk, fruit, and Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions."

FREE!

WITH TWO
WHEATIES
BOX TOPS

LIMITED OFFER—SEND NO MONEY. To get complete assembly kits for cutting out your Airacobra P-39 and Stormovik IL-2—just send your name and address with two Wheaties box tops to Jack Armstrong, Box 7140, Chicago, Illinois. Send no money—put your dimes in War Stamps. But remember this special offer is good only while limited supplies last, or until October 1, 1944. So send at once! Today!

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of
GENERAL MILLS, INC.



"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"
WITH MILK AND FRUIT



The BOY COMMANDOS

in

"Retreat to Paradise!"

ORDER OF THE DAY:

Even paradise is no place to relax and take it easy... you never know what territory the Axis will want next!

Rip Carter
CAPTAIN

THERE ARE PLENTY OF PEOPLE LIKE PROFESSOR WATKINS... PEOPLE WHO WOULD LIKE NOTHING BETTER THAN TO FLEE FROM THE PULSE-QUICKENING DANGERS OF WAR TO SOME PEACEFUL ISLE FAR OFF THE BEATEN PATH! AND WHEN FATE PLAYS AN UNEXPECTED PRANK, IT SEEMS THAT HE AND THE GALLANT BOY COMMANDOS HAVE SEEN THE LAST OF FIGHTING FOR THE DURATION... UNTIL TROUBLE FROM TOKYO MAKES A SUDDEN AND DRAMATIC APPEARANCE AMONG THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING!

by
JOE SIMON
and
JACK KIRBY

AS A SMALL FREIGHTER DARES THE DANGEROUS WATERS OF THE PACIFIC, FOUR YOUNG VETERANS PACE THE DECK RESTLESSLY...

HERE I T'INK WE'RE GOIN' INTA IMMEDIATE ACTION, AN' IT TURNS OUT T'ABE A SEA VOYAGE!

AND WITH NOTHING TO DO BUT LOOK AT DER VATER!



GOOD DAY, YOUNG GENTLEMEN, I AM PROFESSOR WATKINS! BEAUTIFUL DAY, ISN'T IT?

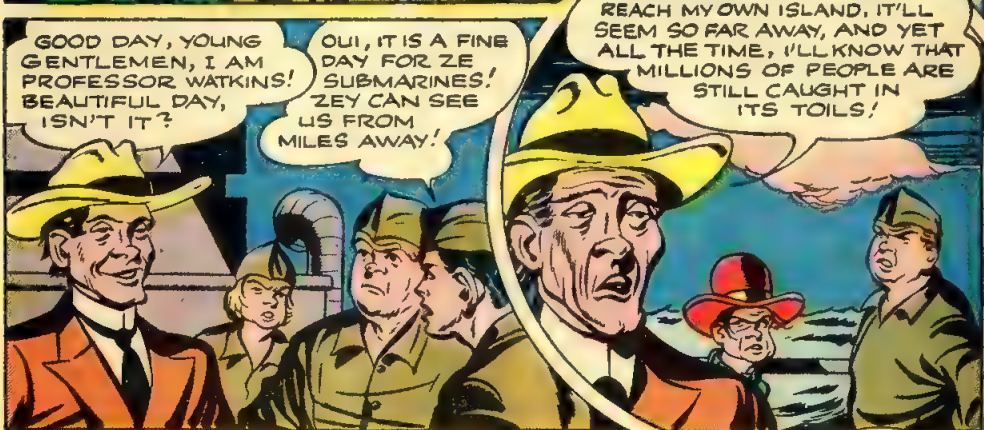
OUI, IT IS A FINE DAY FOR ZE SUBMARINES! ZEY CAN SEE US FROM MILES AWAY!



LIKE THIS BLOKE 'ERE! 'OO IS 'E?

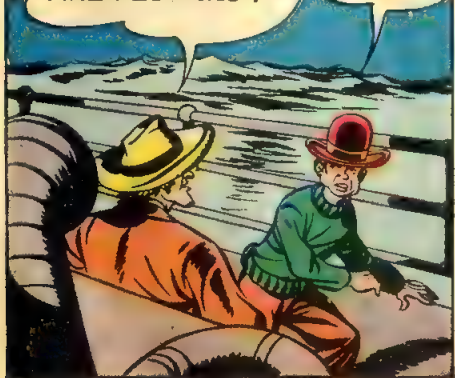


AH, I WAS FORGETTING! THIS TERRIBLE WAR! WHEN I REACH MY OWN ISLAND, IT'LL SEEM SO FAR AWAY, AND YET ALL THE TIME, I'LL KNOW THAT MILLIONS OF PEOPLE ARE STILL CAUGHT IN ITS TOILS!



BUT I SUPPOSE I'D BETTER NOT TALK ABOUT THAT! TELL ME, DO YOU LADS LIKE FLOWERS?

FLOWERS? ARE YOU BEIN' FUNNY?



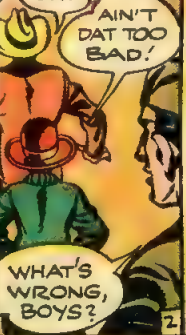
NOT AT ALL, MY DEAR YOUNG FELLOW, NOT AT ALL! FLOWERS ARE VERY IMPORTANT TO ME. I'D LIKE NOTHING BETTER THAN TO GROW FLOWERS...

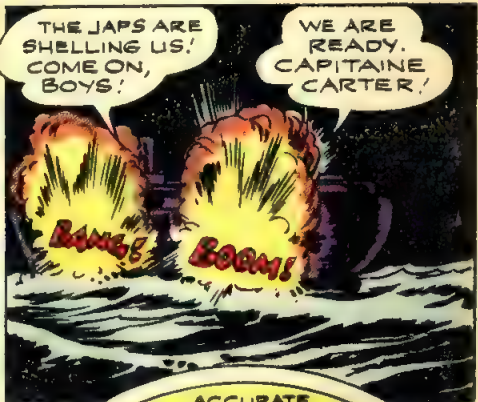
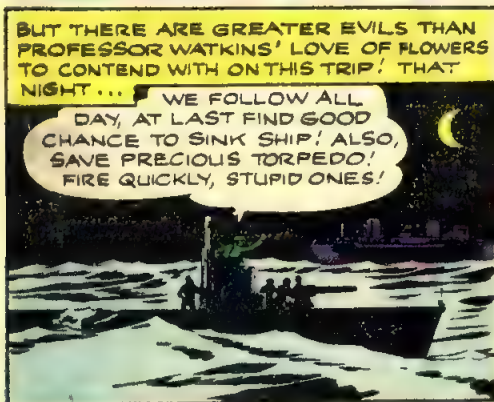
NEW VARIETIES OF DAHLIAS, ROSES, SWEET PEAS... BUT UNFORTUNATELY, THERE'S A WAR GOING ON!

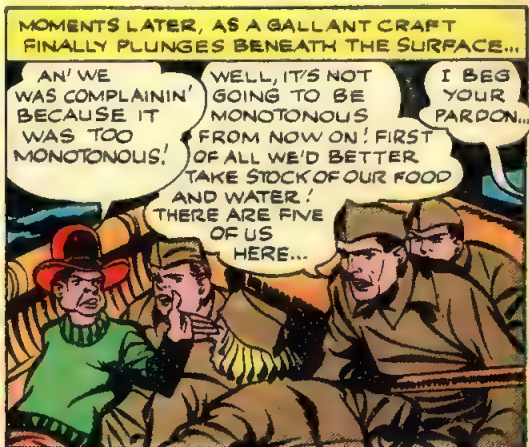
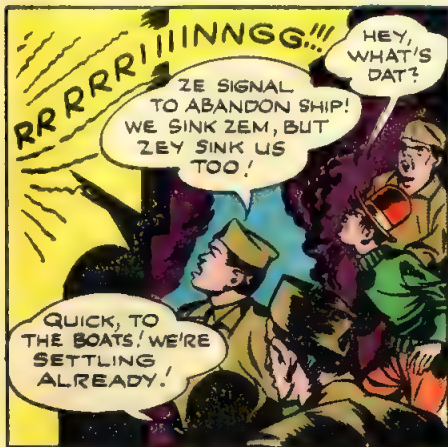


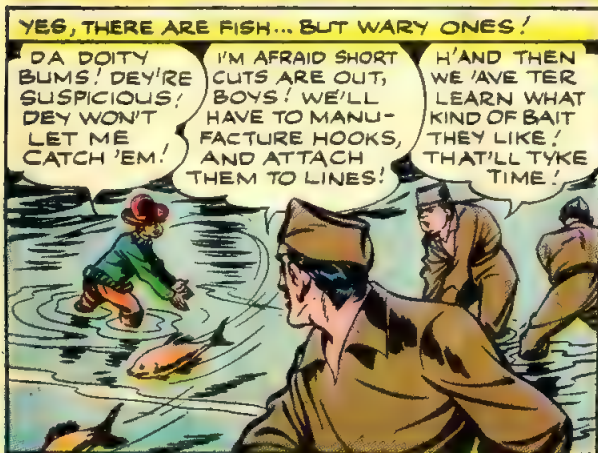
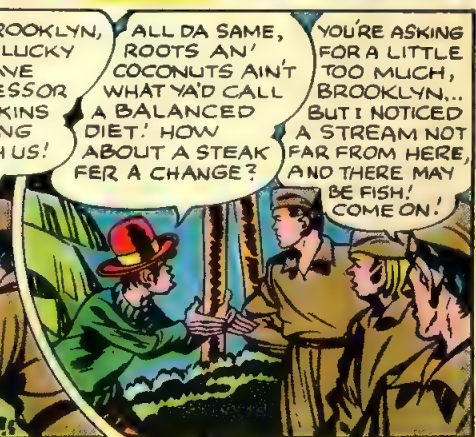
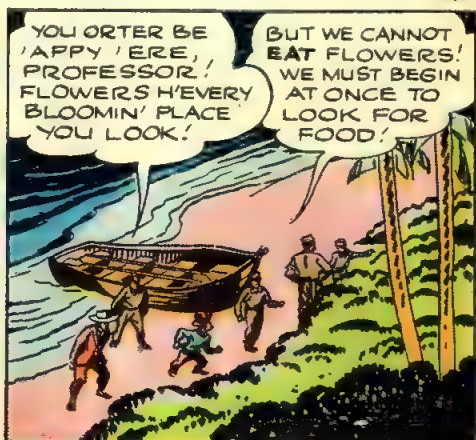
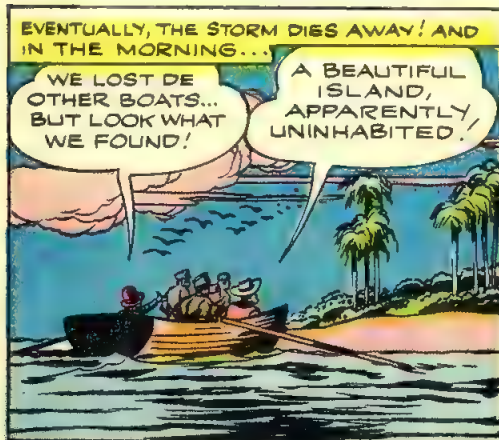
AIN'T DAT TOO BAD!

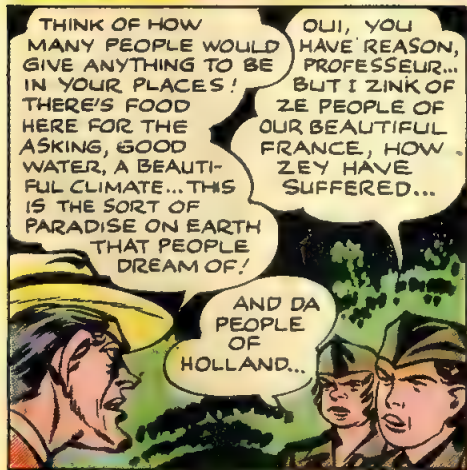
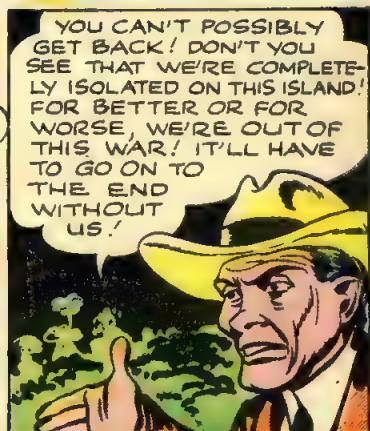
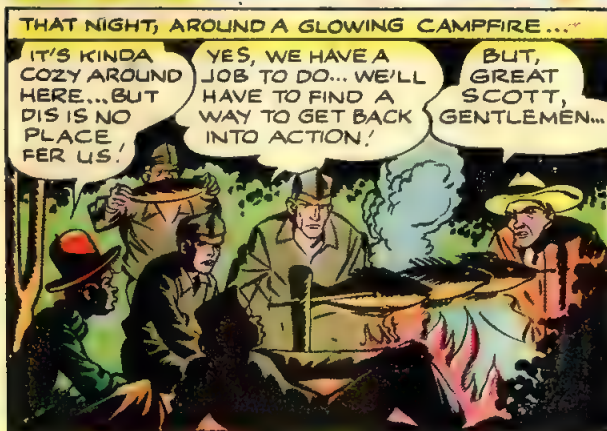
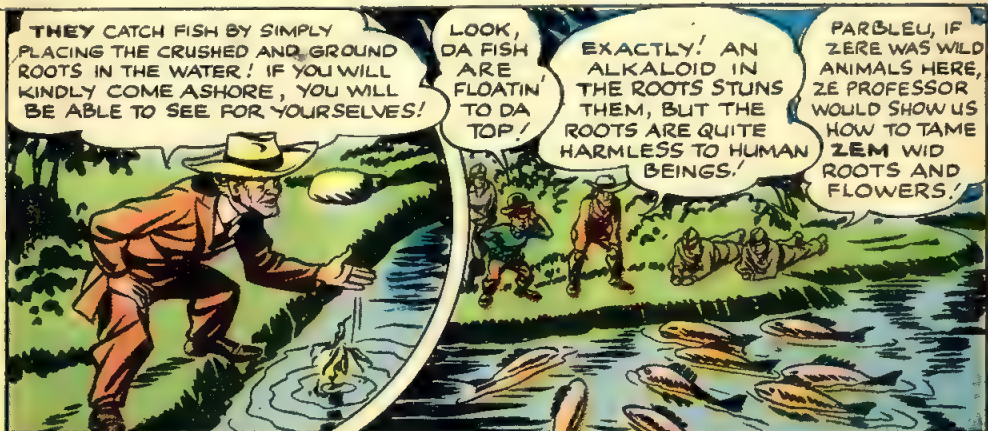
WHAT'S WRONG, BOYS?

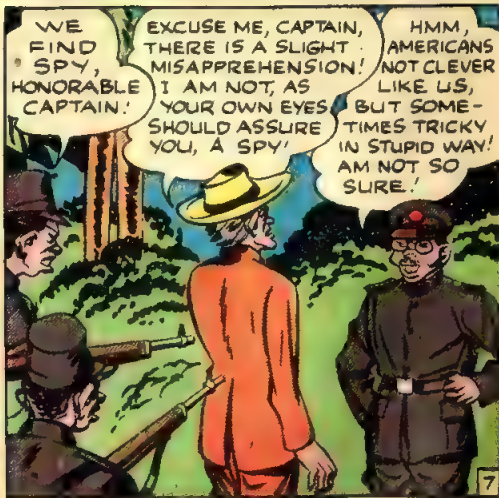
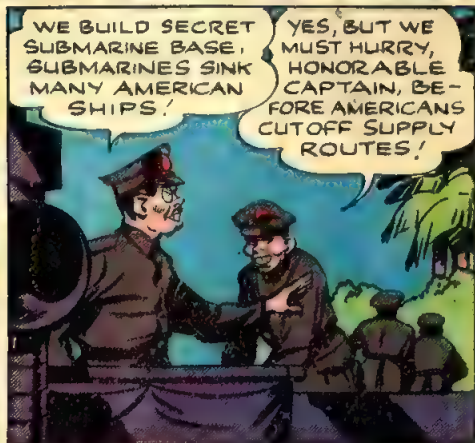
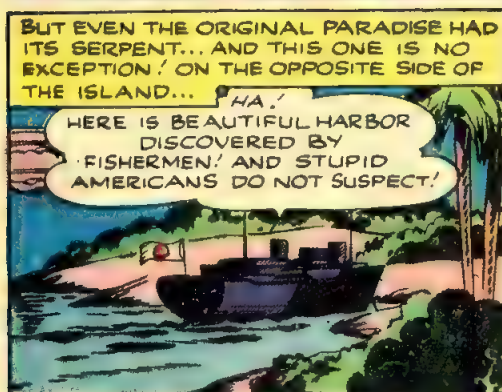
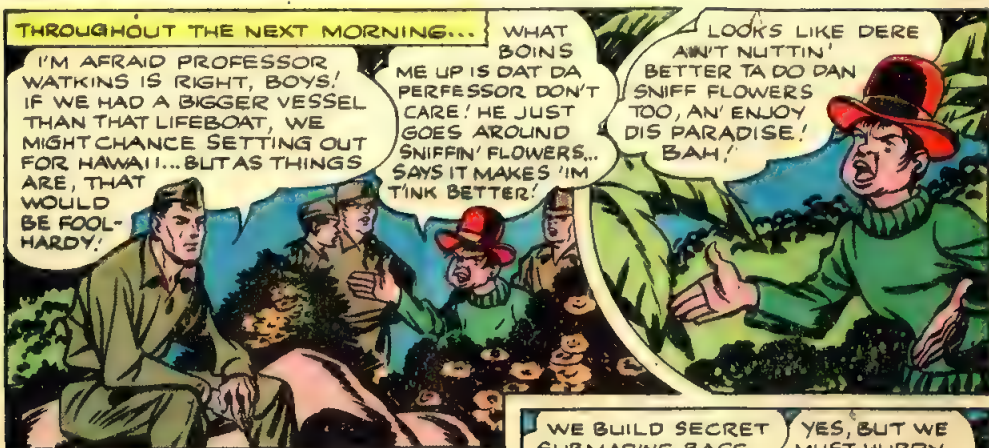


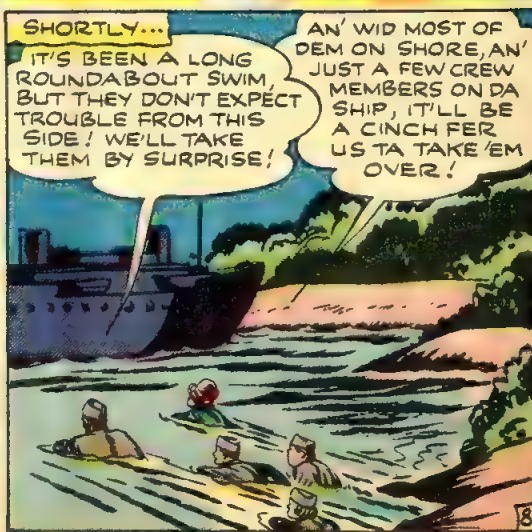
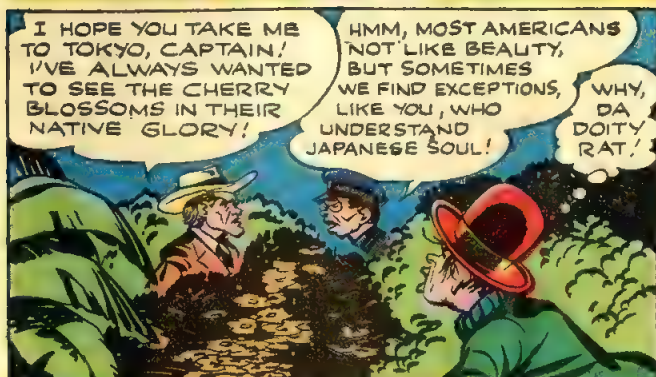


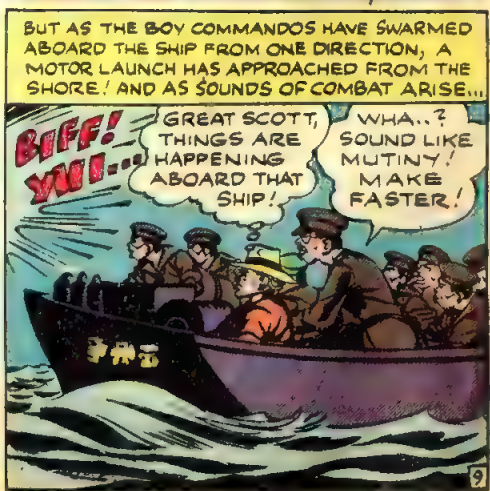
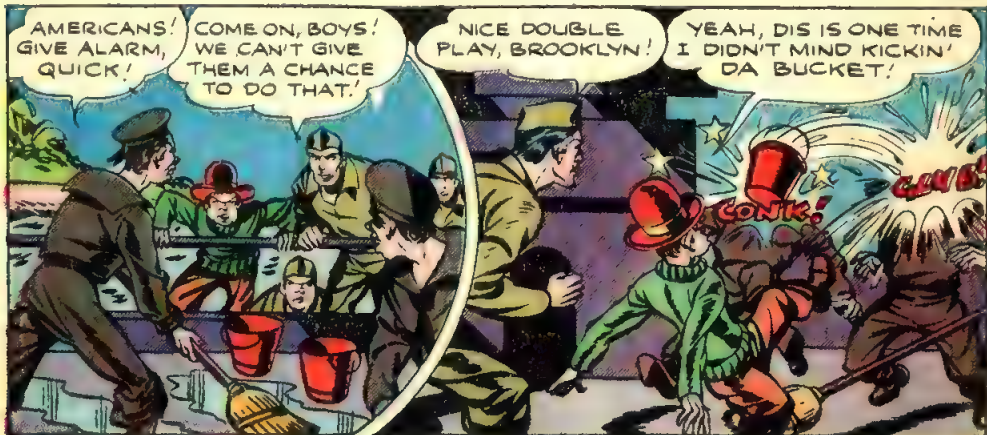








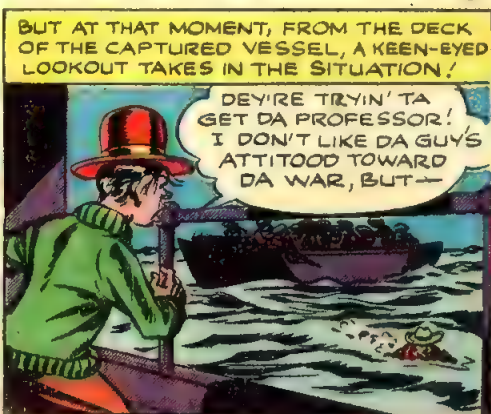






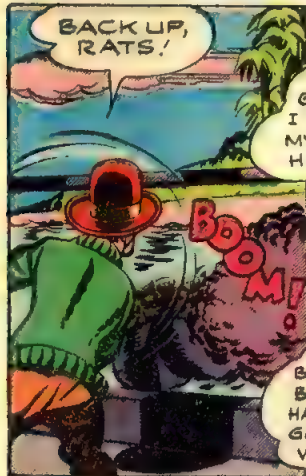
MY CHANCE TO GET AWAY!

HO, AMERICAN ESCAPE... SHOOT HIM!

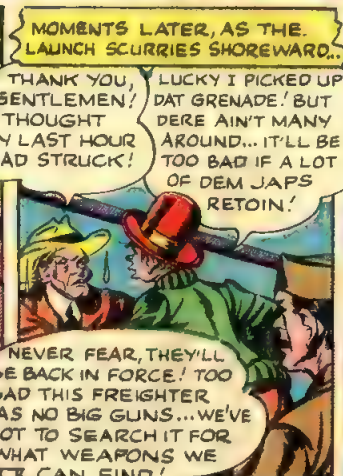


BUT AT THAT MOMENT, FROM THE DECK OF THE CAPTURED VESSEL, A KEEN-EYED LOOKOUT TAKES IN THE SITUATION!

DEY'RE TRYIN' TA GET DA PROFESSOR! I DON'T LIKE DA GUYS ATTITOOD TOWARD DA WAR, BUT—



BACK UP, RATS!

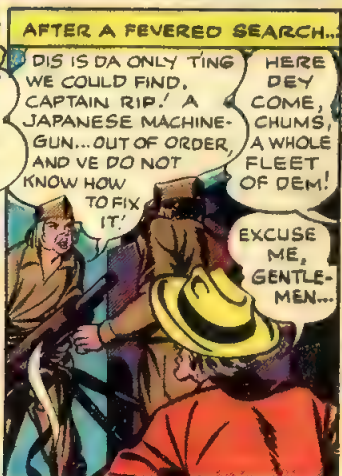


MOMENTS LATER, AS THE LAUNCH SCURRIES SHOREWARD...

THANK YOU, GENTLEMEN! I THOUGHT MY LAST HOUR HAD STRUCK!

LUCKY I PICKED UP DAT GRENADE! BUT DERE AIN'T MANY AROUND... IT'LL BE TOO BAD IF A LOT OF DEM JAPS RETOIN!

NEVER FEAR, THEY'LL BE BACK IN FORCE! TOO BAD THIS FREIGHTER HAS NO BIG GUNS... WE'VE GOT TO SEARCH IT FOR WHAT WEAPONS WE CAN FIND!

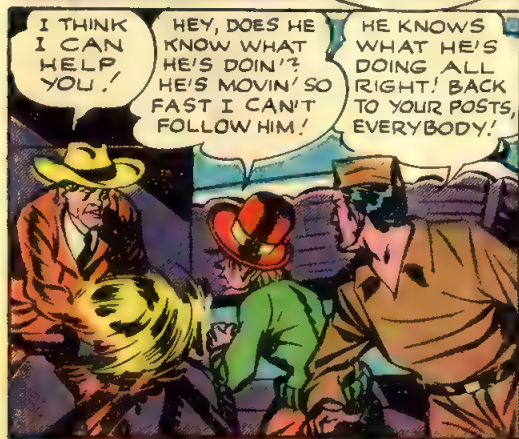


AFTER A FEVERED SEARCH...

DIS IS DA ONLY TING WE COULD FIND, CAPTAIN RIP! A JAPANESE MACHINE-GUN... OUT OF ORDER, AND VE DO NOT KNOW HOW TO FIX IT!

HERE DEY COME, CHUMS, A WHOLE FLEET OF DEM!

EXCUSE ME, GENTLEMEN...



I THINK I CAN HELP YOU!

HEY, DOES HE KNOW WHAT HE'S DOIN'? HE'S MOVIN' SO FAST I CAN'T FOLLOW HIM!

HE KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING ALL RIGHT! BACK TO YOUR POSTS, EVERYBODY!



SECONDS LATER... T'ANKS A LOT, PAL... I'LL TAKE OVER NOW!

NO, THANK YOU... I THINK IT WOULD BE MORE EFFICIENT IF I WERE TO HANDLE THIS MYSELF!

A LEADEN HAIL OF DEATH
SPATTERS AGAINST THE
ONCOMING FLOTILLA.

RAT-TAT-
TAT-TAT

JEEPERS! I
BEEN ALL OVER DA
WORLD... BUT I
NEVER SAW NO-
BODY DO WID A
MACHINE-GUN
WHAT HE CAN DO!

DEY'RE OUTTA
RANGE NOW,
PERFESSER! YA
KIN TAKE IT EASY...
BUT FOIST YA
GOTTA TELL ME
HOW YA LOINED
TA HANDLE A
JAP MACHINE-
GUN!

BUT I
KNOW
HOW
TO
HANDLE
ALL
SORTS OF
MACHINE-
GUNS!

YOU SEE, I'M
A MACHINE-GUN
INVENTOR! AND
THIS PARTICULAR
MODEL WAS
ADAPTED FROM
ONE I MYSELF
DEVISED!

HUH...? AN'I
WAS T'INKIN'
MAYBE YA
LIKED DA
JAPS! WHEN
I OVERHOLD
YA TALKIN'
ABOUT
JAPANESE
CHERRY-
BLOSSOMS...

YOU WEREN'T
ENTIRELY WRONG!
I DO LIKE CHERRY-
BLOSSOMS... BUT I DON'T
LIKE JAPANESE MILITARISTS!
BUT THAT'S BESIDE
THE POINT... I BECAME
FRIENDLY WITH THE
'CAPTAIN FOR
QUITE
DIFFERENT
REASONS...

I DIDN'T WANT HIM TO SUSPECT
THAT YOU WERE ON THE
ISLAND WITH ME! SO I
TRIED TO KEEP HIS
ATTENTION FIXED
ON ME!

I WAS SURE
WRONG ABOUT
YA, PERFESSER!
GO AHEAD, WASTE
YER TIME SMELLIN'
FLOWERS IF YA
WANT...

BUT I DON'T WASTE MY
TIME! THE FLOWERS HELP
ME TO THINK BETTER
ABOUT NEW MACHINE-GUNS!
THAT'S WHY I GROW THEM
ON THE ISLAND WHERE
I HAVE MY
LABORATORY!

NOW THAT EVERYTHING'S
EXPLAINED, WE'LL USE
THIS SHIP'S RADIO
TO CONTACT AN
AMERICAN STATION
AND WARN THEM
ABOUT THIS NEW
BASE!

WOW, DID I HAVE
EVERYTHING WRONG!
FROM NOW ON,
I'M CULTIVATIN' A
TASTE FER POSIES...
MAYBE IT'LL HELP
ME IN MY MACHINE-
GUNNIN'!

THESE CAN BE YOURS

and
MONEY
too!



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★ ★ ★ BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★ ★ ★

THE SHADOW OF THE BAT

Bumblebeeman (Udo P.)
(1961-08-13 - 2009-06-27)

We Will Never Forget ...



FLATTERMANN